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THREADS OF GOLD

HARRIS GEORGE CURTIS



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THREADS OF GOLD

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*Excerpts from jottings along the by-ways of
a life not in the pursuit of literature, but
engaged in the busy activities, hardships and
labors of business, incident to a pioneer life*



BY
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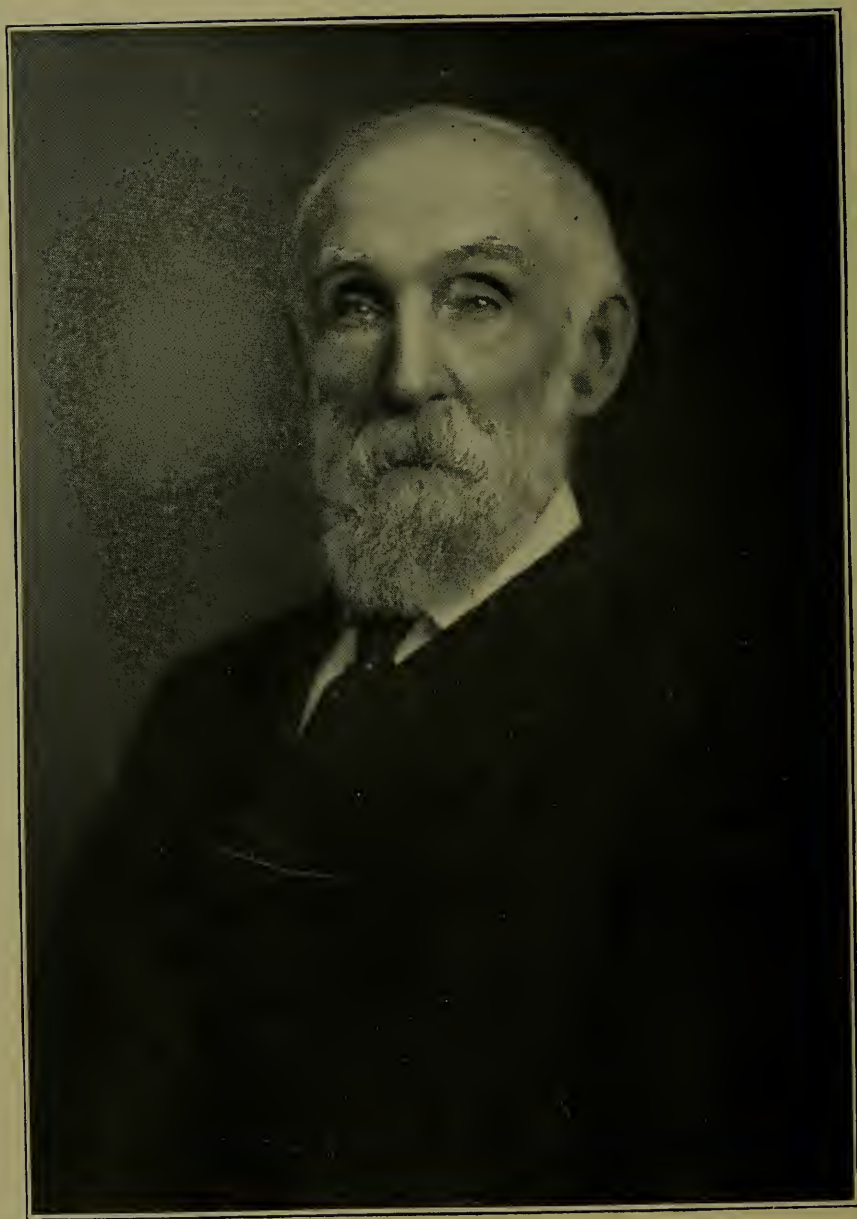
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HARRIS GEORGE CURTIS
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The author wishes to thank the friends who have assisted and encouraged the publication of this second volume, and has no other apology to offer than that the whole edition of his first book was immediately sold.

To My Son and Daughters

*Will a tear of affection e'er fall to your father
Recalling the days that forever have past,
When the hand, that with effort this line now
is writing,
Will be into mold and forgetfulness cast.*



THREADS OF GOLD

NATURE

Thy glories in profusion rise, 'Tis night
With heaven gemmed with flaming orbs of light
The earth its daily circuit, now performs
With tropic climes, and fierce Icelandic storms.
If vapors oft thy wonder may obscure,
Through eternal ages, they will endure,
While I, a moment, as a passing flame
Ere sinking into night, thy glories name.
While in thy wonders lost, save one faint beam;
Yet I of thy infinitude may dream,
As yon star-walled summits I dimly view
Thy temple to my conscious faith renew.
For I am, Lord, a creature now of thine
And on thy eternal battlements divine,
May dwell with angels, Lord and thee
Through endless cycles of eternity;
For, my eyes, thy wonders now perceive
Wherever, here, my wandering feet may stroll.
With joy and rapture, in my wondering soul
Pray lend thy spirit, thou infinite one
To thy creature, ere its brief day is done
Beyond my earthly vision to conceive.

IDLE WILD

I gazed long at the far off idle wild,
No footsteps cross'd its bloom-embosomed shore,
An angel by the tree of life there smiled
As guardian of its door.
A waxen finger pointed to the sea,
With its white foam and endless reach of wave,

While on its crown was written destiny
And 'neath its feet a grave.

This chiseled in my heart a dread surmise
With loathing, wrought, in all my nameless fears,
Trembling with its resistless wrangling guise
My eyes were filled with tears.

Then far off in the distant falling haze
I saw a garden hedged with fruitful leas,
For morning woke with golden light ablaze
This infant of the seas.

There cradled in its elysian shades
Stood manhood in his high estate and fair,
Nigh to a stream there in its sylvan glades
Near by an empty chair.

Then fancy roving with a new-born light
Lulled by the music of the chanting stream,
'Till lo, again, a shadow fell, 'twas night,
I asked if 'twas a dream.

The sun arose and then again 'twas day,
And by his side there in that empty seat
A form bright as the sun-lit bloom of May
At rest in joy complete.

Again 'twas night, once more my vision closed
'Till morn veiled all the stars with drifting rays,
To my wrapped and bewildered sense disclosed
Them in their ambrosial ways.

My eyes, the elysian scenes surveyed
Where destiny had left her footprints deep,
Across the threshold of that mystic shade
And then were closed in sleep.

At noon I woke, the stars their eyes had closed
And far off on, the distant floating breeze;
I heard their cries, as from their home deposed,
Clothed with green woven leaves.

With destiny, trembling, locked arm in arm,
As o'er life's fitful storms they frightened strode
Or hiding by some shelving rock from harm
Far from their first abode.

Thus roving down the lapsing course of time
Led by the legends of an ancient song,
Through gulfs of darkness, made more dark by crime
And heartless deeds of wrong.

Enthroned with error, or crimsoned deep with gore
To mock destiny's cold embolden glance
As drawn from dim, vague lines of mystic lore
That did my soul entrance.

All hail! to life's rock-riven broken sea
Smoothed by efforts of less unyielding fears,
Of harm from that which is, or is to be,
To stay my useless tears.

For destiny had hung a golden light
O'er dreary, midway reaches of the deep,
Bright with radium rays to banish night
Then why O, why, to weep.

'Twas morn the sun with his soft lips and breath
Had kissed away the cold mad ocean foam,
And from the rock-riven wilderness of death
Had wrought for them a home.

Vast continents and isles, with vernal spring
Bade glad welcome to my tireless sight,
With Eve enthroned and Adam reigning king
And then again 'twas night.

Lo! 'twas morn again, the stars new anthems sang,
God gave to man then, of his joy surcease,
Through Heaven, and earth, the chorus loudly rang
"Good will to man and peace."

Then errors baffled lines from view had fled
The sun set in its crimson banks of gold
The tree of life, immortal fruit had shed,
With gladness manifold.

IN MEM'RY OF MRS. MERCY M. TABOR CUR-
TIS, WIFE OF THE AUTHOR, WHO
DIED SEPT. 9, 1894

No more can I with fond caress
Ere press her lips divine,
Nor can her presence ever bless
This broken heart of mine.

They are now closed in silent death;
Nor can their accents fall
Again through all life's lonely years
With their once welcome call.

Who can here solve the mystery
That seals her pallid brow,
So still are now her voiceless lips,
To which in grief I bow.

O God! hast thou thus wrought in vain
Her life so sweet and brief;
I can't believe that thou hast will'd
It here to cause but grief.

Some morn may yet to me reveal
That death does not destroy,
Though now is veiled the unseen thought
To fill my soul with joy.

The latent spark immortal shines
With an increasing glow
To all poor troubled hearts like mine,
Where tears of sorrow flow.

WHERE MY FAILING EYES CAN SEE.

Where now my failing eyes can see
It will be dark as night to me,
Save light from God, that is divine,
Will then be lent these eyes of mine.

For He who knows my every pain
Will give my soul new light again,
Here to allay my rising fears
And stop the flow of falling tears.

Although beyond my reach of sight,
Now in my heart there is a light,
That brightens now the darkest way
With an e'erlasting living ray.

And I may ere that ray perceive
If I will in His word believe.
It will destroy my unbelief
And bring my soul a sure relief.

Then pray, O Lord, may I behold
The light that shines with rays of gold,
To feel no more the stings of pain,
And with Thee in Thy Kingdom reign.

MYSTERY

In every form of life and thought
Thro' all the ancient days,
There dwells a dark veiled mystery
Along the hidden ways.

In all the legends of the past
Impressively it speaks,
Appealing to my hopes and fears
Thro' passing days and weeks.

I see it in the battle field
Of death and misery,
And find in passions maddened sway
An unsolved mystery.

It is in loves deep, magic pow'r
And in hates, hateful hate,
That festers life in every web
Wove in th' looms of fate.

The mystery was never solved
That's in a living breath,
While still more deep, the mystery
Of dead lips, after death.

The earth is full of mystery,
It floats in sky, and air,
I hear it in the roving winds,
Its whispered voice is there;

I see it in the sombre clouds
In flashing thunder-tones,
And it is in the icy depth,
Of frozen arctic zones.

I feel it in the solitude
Of night, dark, solemn night,
And meet it at the early dawn
At its first beams of light.

I see it in the trembling wave
Embosomed in the sea,
In every form of insect life
Exists a mystery.

I feel it in my longing heart,
With a resistless pow'r,
And see it in the growth and bloom,
Of every smiling flow'r.

I see it in the human face
With mingled griefs and fears,
'Tis writ in annals of the race
With blood, and pain, and tears.

And yet, above all mysteries
Of earth, of air, or wind,
Is that wrought in the living soul
The mystery of mind.

AN ODE TO THE SOUL

Thou wandering birdling from thy parent nest,
When will thy pathless journey end
Here on life's troubled sea with weary trend
A homeless stranger without rest.

Has some chance wind, across thy native shore,
Borne thee from its dismantled shade?
The mad'ning billows there have ruthly sprayed,
A hapless pilgrim from its door?

—From some Eden, mongst yonder circling spheres;
Flung from, the bosom of thy God,
Or hast thou on thy earthly message trod
To glow with never less'ning ray

O'er worlds, whose suns illumine thy star-walled way
Through lapsing ages of the years?
And does a star in thy horizon rise
Yond where all mortal vision lies?

THE COURSE OF TIME

No mind, save the eternal mind
Times' illimitable sweeps have crossed
For science's radium beams are blind,
In its unfathomed depths, and lost.

The broken annals of the past
Are blazed in strange mysterious ways,
Writ in the fierce volcanic blast
And legends of the ancient days.

The smouldering depths beneath the sea
Oft lava beds of seething flame,
Were fields, once yielding fruitage free
For those with undeciphered names.

Where now yond skyward mountains rise
The lashing seething billows rolled,
O'er continents with sea-girth skies
For those, therein their ancient fold.

In arctics waste, once fruitful plains
Where plunging rivers freely flowed
Till time had forged its frozen chains
And silence fell on man's abode.

No lines are left by which to blaze
Their ways, save solitary gloom,
Nor can we now trophies raise
To mark their beauty and their bloom.

Where forms of life to us unknown
Were lost in ancient glacial streams
And long Auroras lights have shone
With no warm rays, within their beams?

Now there in that Icelandic waste,
Sleep tenants of the course of time,
When man, with rapture proudly traced
The beauties of his native clime.

From yon Magellans frozen shores,
Still onward runs the course of time,
And oft some ancient relic pours
Unwitting from its frosty clime.

From Aden on to Galilee
Time's steps of ruin they display,
Down Islams flowery bordered sea
From Trojan shores back to Cathay.

For Babylon, great Babylon
Slight marks or lines of glory stand
Ye sleep, as sleeps now Askelon
Entombed beneath Euphrasian sand.

Adown on life's precarious way,
As travelers o'er its ruins climb,
With blind illusions madd'ning fray!
In riots 'gainst both fate and time.

Will God e'er hush the burning pyre,
And grandeur of the past return?
Entombed deep in the quenchless fire
Whose flames as then will ever burn?

Was it at destiny's command,
Man's brief abode was thus destroyed?
As Heavens first, and last command,
And change, and ruin, then enjoyed?

Ye darkened records of the past
Reveal the will and secret aims,
In hidden ages ye forecast,
Thy steps of ruin to reclaim?

Has destiny, or love here willed,
The ruin of the human race?
The annals of the past are filled
With deeds of mercy, love and grace.

Elysian if thou here hast lost
The mystic splendor of thy throne,
As steps of time thy paths have crossed
And scarce thy dwelling place is known?

And in oblivions rayless shade
Thy hidden wonders silent lie,
Thy splendor still, is now displayed,
Immortal and can never die.

A star of glory long has shone
Above that darkened gloomy realm,
Whose rays first fell from heaven's throne
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Nor fate, nor destiny, allied,
Can hide it from the human race,
Twill change the gloom as prophesied,
The course of time cannot displace.

For knowledge, with her fleeting wing,
Will rise above disastrous fate,
And never more oblivion fling,
A shade, so dark and desolate.

Along the pathways here of life,
For stencils, now the record keeps,
Unscathed by blight or wasting strife,
Or fires of volcanic deeps.

Though change and oft impending change,
With its inevitable shaft,
May o'er vale, and mountain range,
Its dread and fatal ruins cast.

WITH HER BARE BROWN FEET

Pity her with her bare brown feet
As she weeps by the hovel door
Where the empty stockings limply hang
In the stalls of the homeless poor.

Pity the child with her rich attire,
In her coach and queenly train
She needs it more than the hungry waif
With her bare brown feet and pain.

Pity him in his stately pride
That sits in his palace hall
An angel stands by the folding doors
And gloom falls on the frescoed wall.

Yes pity him he needs it more
There now in his cushioned seat
Yes needs it more; than the weeping child
At the hovel door with bare brown feet.

Hark, Oh, hark! the train, a cry;
And her happy soul has sped
The ragged waif with bare brown feet
Weeps over the mangled dead.

Pity him by his chandelier
As he may these lines indite,
For he needs it more as he sitteth there
In the flare of its flick'ing light.

Pity him for he needs it more
As he sits by that vacant chair,
And gazes up at the paneled wall
On the face that is smiling there.

For by and by, the bright warm sun
Will warm that low and wretched way
And that poor child with bare brown feet
Will forget her grief in play.

While he sits there from early dawn,
Until the noon of night,
Nigh by that lone and vacant chair
In the flare of the flick'ring light.

THE LAND OF THE ROSES

Oh for a rest, by the wild foaming ocean
With my hammock hung loose on the green tufted
shore,
To lull me to sleep, by its tremulous motion
As it rocked in the winds with their deep chanting
roar.

In the land of the roses, the sweet blooming roses,
That now are abloom, away in the land of the West
Where Tacoma in glory and grandeur reposes
Unheeding the clamors surrounding its rest.

Where it looks down from its snow mantled towers
On the surf-beaten strand of that far golden shore,
And drinks of the fragrance of sweet scented flowers,
Crowning the hills at Columbias' door.
In the land of the roses, the sweet blooming roses,
That are blushing with beauty and laughter aglee
Where her people she in freedom and safety reposes
In the soul soothing welcome that comes from the sea.

Oh, but for one view of the land of the roses
Of the sweet scented roses abloom in the west,
Where Tacoma in glory and grandeur reposes,
Looking down from the cliffs of its snow mantled
crest,

With my hammock hung loose on the turf beaten strand
Where the wild billow'd ocean would lull me to rest
As I gazed with delight on that bright summer land
In the home of the roses and queen of the west.

THOUGH COLLARS OF GOLD THY OPPRESSORS MAY WEAR

Harken now freemen, no more will thy laughter
Ring over thy valleys with accents of glee
If greed and ambition shall blindly now barter
The gift of thy fathers of freedom to thee
Its death notes are heard now loudly ringing
The wild clamor has broken with grief to thy ears.

Thy Puritan daughters, are silently weeping
With tyrants unheeding their sorrows and tears.

Shall the bright star of freedom ere fade in the west
Whose haloes of glory have brightened the night?
No, Heaven forbid, that dimmed be its crest
Or greed here shall darken the glow of its light
Though collars of gold, the oppressors may wear,
Rise! rise! with thy banners of freedom unfurled
And leave to thy children thy freedom to share
With liberty gladening the heart of the world.

Sadly, yes sadly, with danger 'tis threatened
And louder, yea louder reechoes the call
The fiends of greed on thy toilings have fattened
Thy temples of freedom are threatening to fall
Rise, save thy children, who sadly are weeping
From heartless ambitions unholy assault.
That hatred and discord are blindly creating
Charging thee, falsely, the blame and the fault.

TO THE HONORABLE WILLIAM KENNEDY

Thy vision scans with its prophetic eyes,
The clouds which darken now thy country's skies,
And sees no break within their dusky walls
Through which the shining stars of freedom rise.

Despondency is blurring now thy mind,
And partly turned thy better judgment blind,
To tremble at the falling of a leaf
As though a demon followed close behind.

Thy genius sings with truth's immortal songs,
While toiling millions beat their deathless gongs,
If broken hearts are drowned in sorrow's tears,
And nations mourn now with their nameless wrongs.

If shamrocks faded on their native shore,
And British ships away her treasure bore,
While toilers toiled in poverty and pain,
The British lion shall wallow in his gore.

England's lust, with all its pride and power,
Will surely fall, as frost will kill the flower,
And soulless hordes who live on war and greed
May quickly fall then, helpless in an hour.

While prince, or priest, or Apostolic clowns,
With martial trains upheld by British crowns,
That heartless, gaze on hosts their greed has slain,
Will bleach upon their native moors and downs.

Not that England's the one imbruted knave
That would sink freedom in an early grave,
Go to the mantled towers of the Rhine
And hear there the deadly moanings of the brave.

Go, too, where greed and plunder are no bane,
And toiling slaves are weeping with their pain,
Or, to Italia's fair and sunny skies
And see the gore along the tracks of Cain.

Where Islam rules, or, to the fiery Russ
'Mongst Greeks, or Boers, you'll ever find it thus,
Forgive my country! Truth I now must own,
It is, Oh God, today, the same with us.

This like the mist before the morning sun
Will disappear ere Noon-day's hour is done,
And leave to freemen yet a fairer sky
Before the race of freedom here is run.

But pray withhold thy keen, sarcastic tongue!
'Twas British blood on Bunker Hill that ran,
No alien gore the purple currents stained
Or done the work the Puritans began.

Forgive the rudeness of my limping muse,
 'Twould be of gold that I would gladly choose,
But where the mintage is of grosser dross
 Thy patience will the baser coin excuse.

Thy voice unveils the prophecies of time,
 While cleaving dumb the servitors of crime
With fire that lit the dark Egyptians plane,
 And brightly glows now in thy classic rhyme.

Pray let that strain in swifter currents flow,
 'Twas Briton's blood that first struck freedom's blow,
And may that strain the currents purify
 'Till its pure stream in every heart shall flow.

With freedom's welcome sent to every shore
 Writ on Columbia's wide and lockless door,
That in one loyal bond all may be joined
 As freemen now, and on forevermore.

Perish then, greed and Empire's lawless pride
 That would a Celt or Puritan deride,
Let growing Erin cease her clam'rous cry,
 And stop the feuds which now her shrines divide.

I listen gladly to thy living lyre,
 Touched with the frenzy of immortal fire,
Whose deeper music is of higher strain
 That falls to me around the lonely pyre.

O'er her, for whom the deathless roses bloom
 With ceaseless fragrance 'round her darkened tomb,
Though her dear hands seemed clasped with mine today
 To break the sadness of my silent room.

Thy muse, if late, has newly glorified,
 The mortal form my love had deified,
If, chained now to a gruesome spectral bier
 My dreams with grief no more are horrified.

Bedewed with tears I know she did not die,
 Though cold the lip and dim the loving eye
That shone so bright with its angelic smile
 If her fair face now in the grave may lie.

Oh Genius with thy sylvan notes inborn
Canst thou now here with thy finer sense endure
The accents of a harsher nurse less pure?
And then repress thy inward thought of scorn.

O Tom! thou has thy father's muse imbued,
As if 'twere with eternal love endued
With power to raise these mortal forms of clay
To thy own sphere of pure beatitude.

Let angel dreams the weeping dreamer cheer,
To stay his tears upon thy sacred bier,
Which flow through griefs our frailer nature brings
And walk with him along his pathway here

Pray, Genius! wipe thy falling tears away,
The moon-lit hill now only holds his clay,
While birds at twilight sing around the tomb
He waits to meet you in the alley way.

THAT HEARTBROKEN MAN

I have met him so often, in desolate plight,
That his sorrow becomes partly mine;
For the seams on his face are so livid and white
They tell of his pain in each line,
He has genius and wit, excelling them all,
Yet they scornfully class him with rags,
As they sneeringly point with contempt to his fall.
While he the more hopelessly lags.

He's penniless and hapless, this grief stricken man,
Whom they once sought to share of his fame.
While he full of hope was the first in the van
Of the crowd that's now sneering his name.
And the wisdom and wit which then pleased the gang
Now to them is insipid and flat.
Tho' once of his greatness their lips loudly sang,
They cry, he is dead as a sprat!

Thus they cruelly jostle this heartbroken man
With their scorn that can only bring pain,

And laugh at his poverty, a curse, and the ban
They so heartlessly seek to maintain,
Not knowing unwisely they're nursing the thorn
He has watered with tears, in his heart,
And force him to wish he had never been born
As wider their ways run apart.

IT WAS NIGH FIFTY YEARS AGO.

It was nigh fifty years ago
By this same crystal stream.
I've run along this winding path
With Linda, Em, and PHEME.

We listened to this mountain stream,
As it went dancing by,
That has not changed, as I can see;
But, Oh! how changed am I.

And, here, now is the very spot,
The path runs near the brink,
—For O, dear me! it was so quick,
Pray stop and let me think.

Old crumpled horn, stood in the path,
I gave a frightened scream;
He backed and shook his tangle fleece,
Then dumped me in the stream.

O, can it be so long ago!
Yet seems if 'twere today!
When we then in our childish sports,
Ran back and forth, at play?

There is the eddy, and the rock,
Out in the swirling brook,
Where I've sat waiting for the fish,
That nibbled round my hook.

'Tis here, I used to tie the grass,
To see the teacher trip,
And there is where I saw her fall,
With torn and bleeding lip.

Ah, me! How frightened then I was,
To see what I had done,
And started like a wounded hare,
As fast as I could run.

Here, on my arm, my aching arm!
Where mother laid the bout,
Now bears the scar, she quickly made,
That never has grown out.

And there's the place, I plainly see!
Just where the pathway turns,
The teacher waited with a whip,
From which my back now burns.

While here I sit, upon the bank,
A thousand mem'ries rise,
And I cannot repress the tears,
Which fill my weeping eyes.

The homestead there, stands weather-worn,
To add still to my pain,
For now no loving face is seen,
There through the broken pane.

No more, there now, the chorus sings
With father, Em and Phene,
While there their loving faces rise
As if it was a dream.

While for now, upon the highest ridge,
Are two remembered graves,
Where mother and my father, rest,
Unharm'd by wind or waves.

And Em and Joe, are sleeping now,
Out by the golden gate,
While I, a stranger, left to mourn
Here, at the ways of fate.

For there on yonder hill-side too,
My sister Linda lies,
Below the tangled, tufted ferns,
Beneath her native skies.

Here, strangers o'er this path now roam,
As thoughtless as was I,
While oft for it, my heart will yearn,
And breathe a whispered sigh.

DREAMING OF MOTHER

I've been dreaming of my mother
In the years of long ago!
As she stood beside the trellis,
Where the roses used to grow,
And it seems to me the flowers
With the roses in their bloom
And her presence with their fragrance
Gathers round me in my room.

While the lapses of the seasons
Are like mem'ries of a dream,
That are lost in life's wide ocean,
As the winding of a stream!
And she stands there in the shadows
Of the fragrant lilac shade
As she was then by the trellis
That her nimble hands had made.

Yes, I'm dreaming of my mother,
Living o'er our lives again,
As she was then with the roses
She so fondly loved to train,
And she smiles on me so sweetly
With the same fond tender glow
As when we were there together
In the long, long years ago.

O, I'm dreaming of my mother,
She seems standing by my side,
With the sun looms weaving flowers
In the gladness of her pride
And her face with love is smiling
With its sweet and tender glow,
As she stood amongst the flowers
In the long, long years ago!

Yes, I' dreaming of my mother
With a snow wreath round her brow,
And she looks to me as lovely,
Yes, more lovely, lovely, now,
Than when with sunbeams waving
Roses in the long ago
When her hair was bright and golden
That today is white as snow.

AS IF 'TWERE MINE

I often with reluctant thought,
Have sat and worried at my lot,
While reason told me 'twas in vain,
And found it was all borrowed grief,
Which never brought a golden sheaf
Or added to my store of gain.

While having little here to give,
The more I wish and pray to live;
That I of knowledge may have store,
Of that which is, or is to be,
For I have learned it is so free,
The more I have, it gives me more.

With greater marvels of surprise,
If seen by me thro' other eyes,
When blind, I find to be my own,
In wider circles of research
If on a borrowed wing I perch,
While traversing the great unknown.

My day-star then with brighter light,
Shines thro' the darkness of the darkest night,
And spirits winged with thoughts aflame,
From every age and date of time,
Sing to me in their prose and rhyme,
As if 'twere mine, save, but their fame.

Whose crown immortal, none can wear,
While of their glory I may share
Now in their gifts which are divine;

They left to me to live and breathe,
In living thoughts they did bequeath
Me, in my poverty as mine.

A FELLOWSHIP WITH PAIN

Was it a mem'ry of the soul,
Sung with imperfect art;
Attuned to notes whose lyre,
Was hidden in my heart?

It sang of the heart-broken,
The suff'ring and the slain,
And wrought into my being,
A fellowship with pain.

It sang of those forsaken,
Crushed by a hopeless grief,
As earth-ward here they wandered,
Without hope of relief.

But Oh! How wild the discord!
Of passion as it rose,
As if the trembling wires,
Were strung with human woes.

The world that seemed so gladsome,
Groaned like a swarming hive,
And want joined in the struggle,
To keep itself alive.

While scattered refuge floated,
Athwart its gory floor,
And hunger, like an ocean,
Engulfed the hapless poor.

Oh! Heaven, veil the vision,
Dry up the tearful eyes,
For innocence and childhood,
In prostrate anguish cries.

It changed to strains of music,
With tones of sweetest airs,

And lulled my apprehension,
Of sorrow, pain and cares.

LIFE HAS MORE GOOD THAN ILL?

How true it is, the good exceeds the ill,
That burns into the core of life, always;
And yet, my soul is sometimes, fretful, dark!
Out of the aggregate of pain it may have felt;
But I'm no pessimist, that sees but thorns,
Beneath the beauty of the sweetest flow'rs,
Nor blame my neighbor's thoughts, to mine, unlike,
Not cast as mine within their narrow mould;
For they have made him better, I daily see!
As is the world, while growing old it is,
Tho' much there is, I would that had not been,
If of the good, I would that there were more
Of sunshine bright, that gives to life its joy.
Tho sometimes, filtered thro' a passing cloud,
That leaves its tear-marks on an anguished heart,
With more of joy, in its brief time, than woe;
So I am glad that I so long have lived,
If, in the past appears some mem'ries dark;
I'm thankful, for all the good I've had,
And would, that it, would on, forever, last;
If, I could have thee with me, whom I love?
And yet, I own that now my heart is glad.

THESE SIMPLE LINES

These plain unpolished simple lines
Can lay no claim to classic art,
The only hope the author shares
Is they may reach some aching heart.
No semblance too, of cultured thought
To please a learned fastidious ear,
But to relieve some yearning soul
Storm toss'd, upon life's billows here.

Some wanderer, o'er dreary strands
Reft of companionship and love,
That worries on in helpless plight
Or fluttering like a wounded dove.

No hope to stay his burning tears
When grief has fill'd his weeping eyes,
With nameless anguish and despair
As faltering on he sinks and dies.

To turn to God the faithless gaze
Made blind by pain and sorrow's throes
And lift it up with hope and love
Above all fear of earthly woes.

Some one whom here neglect and scorn
Have turned their steps from better ways,
Oblivious to all sense of joy
And help their lips to sing with praise.

THIS NEW FANGLED RELIGION

The churches now have such a wonderful way —
To practice religion, I read of today
They've games, and they've fairs, they've sales and they've
shows.

So much so I wonder if God only knows
This new fangled religion that we have today?
So mixed up with fun in such wonderful way.

They tell me that science is moulding the age,
Yet fashion and folly is now all the rage,
The Master's plain teaching they scarcely will own—
They've found a new way up to God's Holy Throne.

This new fangled religion that we have today
That's mix'd up with shams in such wonderful way,
For the risen Redeemer so seldom is seen—
That they have forgotten the poor Nazarene.

They climb up to Heaven on steeples built high,
With pledges that do all the actions belie,

For they say Darwin's evolution is true
And change the old notions for those that are new.

This new fangled religion that we have today
That's mixed up with shows in such wonderful way,
And the Holy Redeemer so seldom is seen—
That they have forgotten the poor Nazarene.

DESIRE

O could I have knowledge to unravel
The buried records of past ages,
Of matter, in all its evolutions,
Hidden by the grime of all its changes;
Through the wasted fields of their existence,
In the voids of its evolving surface,
Before, on its pages life was written?
If, ever such relation then existed.
Did there then fall, to its place, the atom,
With knowledge, to fill its appointed purpose,
In itself to take the part allotted;
To give the in-born thought expression,
In the endless reach of its duration,
By the creative force of its own creation,
That thro God' itself, is self existent,
Wrought by him thro' unseen evolution,
To unseal the keys of mind, named human
In the unity of his immortality?
The architect, in mortality, embodied;
To be, revealed, in forms of life still higher,
In its ascension towards the infinite,
From thoughts here in the crude mass called clay?

A SYCOPHANT

With artful simulation of a smile
Averse to virtue, and a friend of crime,
At night a wanton in the slums of guile
By day he shuns the ways of vice and grime.

A counterfeit of manhood's real worth
A star of fashion in the ranks of fame,
A leperous cancer from his early birth
And reigning magnate in the slums of shame.
A panderer to treachery and to wealth
Rules at night when selfishness seeks its prey,
To gather in his hoarded store, by stealth
A friend of want, and poverty, by day.
Approving loud, the sacred ways of truth
In secret plots the downward course to shame,
Suborning virtue and perverting youth
At night a knave, by day he gathers fame.
At night where rob'ry does its schemes conceive
To whom in haste his wanton steps incline,
Deceiving all, yet most himself deceives
By day a warden of some holy shrine.

AT THE GRAVE OF THE HON. JAMES H. McMURDO

Here now beneath this marble slab,
In silence sleeps the honored dead,
Whose feet no more, at early morn,
O'er yonder hillside ways will tread.

An ever true and constant friend,
He was then loved, and is today,
Unmoved here by a jarring world,
He went along his even way.

To only those who knew him best
Were all his manly virtues known,
Or love of his unselfish heart
By masked deeds of kindness shown.

One whom in all the ways of life
By nature was more wisely schooled,
Than those of more pretentious caste
His clear, impartial judgment ruled.

A tear to him will often fall,
In deep and rev'rent sorrow here,
As many a lingering step will turn—
To him in memory held so dear.

His kindly glance and genial smile
Are miss'd, with deep responsive grief,
By those who often sought his aid
Which brought to many a heart relief,

Here to the mem'ry of his worth,
By truth and manhood crown'd,
We bow with rev'rence as we pass
His ashes in this hallow'd ground.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Pity tonight, the needy poor
With hearts crushed down by sorrow,
No hope within their lonely door
Of a coming bright tomorrow.

Pity tonight the weak and sad
With grief and pain now broken,
Without one joy to make them glad,
Nor words of kindness spoken.

Pity tonight, the furred cheek
Rent with its burning anguish,
Moaning away life's span so weak
In restless dreams to languish.

Pity the beggar on the street,
With wan face sadly gazing
Down at his shivering, frosted feet
With fires before him blazing.

Pity tonight each lonely heart
That throbs with pangs of sorrow,
Weeping o'er those from whom they part
And countless ills they borrow.

For pity, too, I ask, O Lord,
On poverty's child there watching,
With tear rent face, the orphan ward,
Who weeps o'er her empty stocking.

Pity for all whose tears may fall
Beneath thy shrine, O Heav'n,
For rest lies 'yond thy em'rald wall,
And joys to all are given.

For pity, too, I now implead
On those who riches squander;
The angel death with cruel greed
Waits for them now out yonder.

Pity him, by the vacant chair,
With arms there listless lying;
Whose tears flow down in his despair
With grief to him undying.

AN ASH AND ELM

An ash and elm with swaying boughs
Now does my study window shade
And on each shiv'ring pendant leaf
The sun his silver dress has laid.

Thru 'neath the shadows of the trees
Lie beds of clover sweet with bloom
Now peopled by the robber bees
Which oft invade my cozy room.

A blushing rose with lovely face
Sways listless in the summer breeze
And 'bove me hangs a robin's nest
Rock'd gently 'mong the aspen trees.

The island in the drowsy stream
Lies pensive with its robes of green
And floating 'round its borders are
The purple water lilies seen.

One stately elm does tow'ring rise
Above the willows bending by
While in the tangled brushwood near
The little birdlings safely lie.

The bridge above the island's head
Which binds this to the nether shore
Completes the beauty of my view
Save teams now, passing by my door.

WONDERLAND

Hail watchman what of the night?
Elfin wardens answer
Lend me the reaches of thy sight
Thy presence be my sponsor

Joined with thee I will away
Off to world land yonder
Ere the sun proclaims 'tis day
Long its streams to wonder.

Armed, I thus with vision free
Rocks and mountains climbing
Crossing valleys, strand and sea
'Neath the moonlight shining.

Ether waves with footsteps fleet
Vales and hills ascending,
Over town and busy street,
Marsh and fen descending,

Halls of grandeur, and deceit
Poverty and sorrow,
Minds with wisdom and discreet
Reason blind and narrow.

Innocence with simple prayers
Prays to be forgiven,
Wrong exultant in its lair
Defying earth and heav'n.

Marble homes with splendor built
Near want where hunger dwelt,
—Craft and error with their guilt
Where joy, nor love, are felt

Fleeting pathways of my dream
Sordid gains and treasures,
Where the vortex in the stream
Destroyed life's sweetest pleasures.

Virtue and vice lie wounded
With suffering and care,
While pain and grief resounded
With wailing and despair.

The vinters lost their harvest
The arts of commerce gained
And still the heart was bravest
That suffering most had pained.

Stop, O wanderer, stop thy flight
Rest thy wings, if weary,
Journeys through the lonely night
Are made ever dreary.

Warriors rode on honors steeds
God's best gifts commanding
Idols worshipped for their deeds
Life and death demanding.

Soon an early hour rung out,
Sunrise cried, 'tis morning,
Vales and hills joined in the shout
Spirits, too, rejoicing.

The morning hours now recall
The early days beginning,
Darkness of the midnight wall
Is, with laughter ringing.

All the sadness of my dream
Away in silence vanished,
Lighter crafts now line the stream
The walls and floors are garnished.

Toilers turned, their daily way
Bells with joy are ringing,
Sunshine marked the edge of day
Hearts with joy are singing.

If yesterday had care and shift
And tears and pain begotten
Sunlight sent them all adrift
Pain and grief forgotten.

The sick inhaled the morning air
Its subtle essence breathing,
And memories of despair
Tears of joy relieving.

Postman, thanks to thee for rest
The new day's beginning,
Heav'n's last and best bequest
Bells with joy are ringing.

Swifter runs my onward step
Elfins join in singing,
Mis'ries tears, no more are wept
Morning bells are ringing.

War and wrong had lost their pow'r
Peace, and good will to man,
Rang from the Elysean bow'r
Aloud, rejoice O man.

Millennial songs rang in the day
With angel voices singing,
Heaven's regained, the angels say
Morning bells are ringing.

Gabriel by me then swiftly flew
Across the Heavenly shore
Proclaiming all things, are new,
And time will be no more.

Thus my broken dream begot
An unknown wealth of joy,
With all my tears and griefs forgot
With life without alloy.

“Life was love and love was law,”
Rivers of glass were flowing,
And the tree of life, I saw
With its fruit there growing.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD

O Lord what wonders I perceive
As I thy works survey,
The sunrise of the early morn
Thy glory does display.

Though from below the horizon
The sun's bright face I see,
Reflected by the vaporous waves
Of atmosphere to me.

At sunset too, I do behold,
Though mountains intervene
By that same wave refracted back
Again its face is seen.

Earth's darkened walls do not appear
As obstacles of sight,
They but display thy wondrous pow'r
And glory of thy might.

Thy goodness and thy care, O Lord,
Preserve thy creatures here,
They feel thy presence if unseen
And bow, with awe and fear.

The sun for us here ever shines
To give us food and light,
Thy days with gladness all may share
And find a rest at night.

Thy love and goodness here are seen
Thy wisdom they proclaim,
And man with all his given pow'rs
Should glorify thy name.

O Lord how wanting is my sight
Or reason to conceive,
The life within my beating heart
With wonder I perceive.

FOX RIVER FROM BELOW KIMBERLY

No artist but nature could fashion the beauties
Or sketched the wild grandeur adorning each shore
Nor pictured thy bosom, that sparkles like rubies
Far brighter than jewels a queen ever wore.

No pupil untaught by the impress of heaven
Could paint the bright glints on thy wavelets aglow
As onward thy waters are listlessly driven
Swept on thy currents that peacefully flow.

The foliage seen on thy mirrors imprinted
As breathing the breath of its life giving pow'rs
And thy rock-mantled walls with crevices dented
Are kissed by the lips of the sweet scented flow'rs.

Far echoes reecho the torrents awaken
And fly on the wings of the blue cloudless sky—
The leaves by the breath of the breezes are shaken
Bedewed by the mists as they pass gently by.

The gossamer spray from the falls now uprising
Whose swift-running currents leap fearlessly down
Reflecting the rainbows so lustrously forming
On the brink of each shore with gold in its crown.

CAESAR CROSSING RUBICON

He paused, then made the fearful plunge,
The fateful die was cast,
At cost of freedom 'twas to Rome,
The Rubicon was pass'd.

Like Caesar, still how many paused
Before the fatal deed,

To cause disaster of their own
And other hearts to bleed.

How many stand upon the brink
Lured by the tempting strife,
Then yield, and make the fatal plunge
That ruins hope and life.

How many, too, have Caesar-like
At Pompey's pillars fell,
Dyed with the purple stream of gore,
Sin's lowest depths to swell.

CLOVERETTE.

Stepping lightly on the floor,
Flitting through my study door,
Often as I'd heard before,
When I saw a little boy,
With bright sun-lit eyes of joy,
Yet he did not speak a word,
Till his hands the curtains stirred.
Little did I then expect,
That it was my Cloverette!
Little sun-eyed, Cloverette!

He looked with such laughing eyes,
Brighter than the star-lit skies,
Where the summer sunshine lies,
That kept charming me the while,
With the sweetness of his smile,
That I seemed to share the joy,
Of this bright-eyed timid boy,
Till he said, "Sir, here's a letter,"
Mamma hopes you are better,"
Then I stood and wondered so,
Asked him if his name was Joe,
Smiling then he answered "No!"

Yet, then, as I heard him speak,
Saw the dimples on his cheek,
As, if playing hide and seek,

Laughing till my eyes were wet,
For I knew it was my pet!
She had borrowed Bennie's clothes,
Dress'd herself from head to toes,
And I found without regret,
That it was my Cloverette.
Darling, sun-eyed Cloverette!
When her in my arms I caught,
Shouting, Grand-pa! fooled, you lot!

THIS WONDROUS WORLD.

Written in 1861.

How little of this wondrous world
I really understand,
The records of the rolling wave,
The changing pebbled strand.
The mighty throbbings of the sea,
The heralds of the air,
May bear to all eternity
The secret thoughts I share.
The latest breezes may have brought
Some message to my heart,
Or bear upon their trembling wings
A lesson to impart.
A pebble toss'd into the sea,
May stir the silent deep,
And be the stylus to record
Some act for which I weep.
The very air of which I breathe
May witness now my deed,
And in celestial letters write
A statement of my creed.
Are these the agencies of God
The air, the earth, the wave?
To write the record of each life
From childhood to the grave?

To bear away our inmost thoughts
Up to his throne on high?
And are his messengers in flight,
Ascending to the sky?

And is all motion, the result
Of his surpassing care?
Does every soul perceive their touch
In earth, in sea, and air?

Pray! Heaven grant me my desire
To know my soul's bequest
Was every act of man designed
To make him cursed or bless'd?

Are they like rocks, dropped in the sea
Forever there to lie?
Sunken beneath time's restless wave
In that abyss, to die?

With no recording hand to write
This life's unwritten past?
What piercing anguish one must feel
O'er loss of mind and heart?

Science may look with cold disdain
Upon this transient dream,
And claim life ends like earthly forms
Fulfilling Nature's scheme.

But what presumption to assume
The mind's stupendous pow'r,
Is here, evolved, from earth and air
As is the fleeting flower?

For deeply, 'neath its scented bloom,
There lies, the living germ,
With life drawn from existing life
However, brief its term.

Yet never did the germ or bud
E'er feel a pang of pain,

Its every need was satisfied
By earth and air and rain.

But O, the soul that is revealed
By whispers of the heart,
From pre-existing life in God
Of which it is a part.

Yet yearning, ever, more and more,
To break its earthly thrall,
It watches every lingering ray
That may from Heav'n fall.

Nor metes, nor bounds, can stay its gaze,
Or quench its restless fire,
The past it sees with ready view
The future with desire.

And he who false my dream declares,
No ill, to me opines,
An ether wave may now record
These ill-wrought wrangling lines.

GOD MUST KNOW.

Could I the silent griefs assuage
Of hearts that suffer here,
How gladly would I seek the art—
It might to mine bring cheer.

Could I but find some soothing balm
That would here sorrows heal,
How quickly I would yield the toil—
I might more joy then feel.

I know the joys oft woven here
Into our human lives,
And feel within my heart of pain
God's promise still survives.

And if like thorns, with torture charged,
Once pierced my Saviour's face,

I feel the piercing pangs of grief
His love cannot efface.

And still, if 'twere not for that love,
How deep would be the woe
Our lives would, like eternal night
Have no redeeming glow.

Yet why should our poor human hearts
Be born to suffer so?
And why it was He suffered thus,
An All-wise God must know.

WHISPERS OF THE SOUL.

From whence the notes that are written
Unsung in the depths of my heart?
If lacking the sweetness of singers,
Possessed by the masters art,
Their music of mythical longings
With whispers intense in my soul,
To brighten the chaos of being,
With rapture I cannot control.

From whom the feelings they waken
With anthems of symphony there?
Which ring with the thrills of gladness,
Or saddens with grief and despair,
No efforts of mine can banish,
If voiceless, they linger there still,
Enchanting my soul with their gladness
And charming my senses, and will.

There may be fruition in waiting,
For all of life's sufferings and pain,
Somewhere in the reaches of being
Wrought out in each tremulous strain.
Outliving the thoughts and dreamings
Inwrought in my innermost soul
Awakening the wonderful visions
At glimpse they have of its goal.

Though often if turning faint-hearted
With hopes which I dare not now name,
While owning inadequate power,
To stand on the threshold of fame,
The author, creating the feeling
Now haunting with longings my heart
May forgive all the frailties of being
And failures of knowledge and art.

For they are not fancies as fickle
As winds which unconsciously blow,
On green browed hills of bloom and flowers,
Or sun-burned dunes or trackless snow,
They are sparks from anvils of Heav'n,
Effusions of passions and love,
—Flames from God's bosom igniting
The spirit he breathed from above.

AWAKEN ISDORE.

Awaken, Isdore, the harp that is sleeping
Unstrung in the depth of thy innocent soul
Thy hymns ring as clear as the orient's greeting
That breaks with its beams, the night's last lurking
scroll.

Yes, sing, sweetly sing, the notes thou art breathing
Around me with gladness so tenderly throng
I'm blest with their thought of gladness impleading
And cannot now turn from the plaint of thy song.
Thy melodies ring now from dreamland, Isdore,
To change into gladness life's ocean of tears
They will live on, and on, in songs evermore
For minstrels to sing down the lapses of years.
Thy voice so quick to my heart now appealing
At rest on the brink of eternity's shore
So tenderly wakes at the touch of thy feeling
Methinks I have woke now in home-land, Isdore.

Thy harp strung with chords that pulsate with pleasure
Infusing my life with unspeakable joy
Whose harmonies ring so deep with their measure

They all the dark shadows of evil destroy.
Then let thy sweet symphonies ring evermore
To drive every pain in my heart now away
And leave but the gush of thy song there, Isdore,
To brighten the sunshine allotted each day.

THE FRIENDS I MEET.

There is one friend I dread to meet
As nimble as a sparrow,
Who says don't do that, Jim, today,
There's time enough tomorrow.

There's one I vainly try to shun
Says Jim, now, can I borrow,
A dollar, I'm in need today
I'll pay it back tomorrow.

There's one whom I am glad to meet
When hungry as a sparrow,
Says Jim, come in with me to tea,
Then no! come in tomorrow.

While one, too, somewhere in my heart
I must now own, with sorrow,
Says Jim, let's have an idle day
There's time enough tomorrow.

BURNS.

There oft along his native ayre
His rambling feet have often strayed,
When echoes of his orphean lyre
Awoke the lone sequestered shade.

When curfew rang the close of day
And toil and cares were laid aside,
His humble home he would survey
The glory now of Scotland's pride.

The Grampion hills before him rose
With Albion's lovely splendor dressed,
Where Lordlings safe in their repose
His toiling brothers had oppressed.

Now Scotland's Lords, proud of his worth
There wreath new laurels to his name,
And guard his lowly place of birth
To share the glory of his fame.

TO SCOTT.

The wee bit spot, ye did forget,
Has grown and will, "For all that,"
And many a star with flaming jet
Shines in its crown, "For all that."

Your prophecy has proved amiss,
Of schemes and plots, "For all that."
The coward rats, ye stopped to hiss
Now rule the seas, "For all that."

Their ships now sail on every sea
Despite your brag and "All that,"
Whose millions live in liberty,
Ye stopped, with scorn to laugh at.

A thousand isles, it now would make
Like Albion, "For all that,"
Which now the hand will grasp and shake,
Of that same rat ye sneered at.

Now Albion has wiser grown,
Despite your taunts, "And all that,"
For truth and justice rules the throne,
In freedom's home, "For all that."

The very rats, ye stopped to hiss,
Are brothers now, "For all that,"
And never a prayer to God they miss
For Albion now, "For all that."

Too, nature's purest, strongest ties,
Have joined their hearts, "For all that,"
And love and friendship underlies
Their common lot, "For all that."

UP TO GOD.

When I gather up the harvest
Of the swiftly passing years,
That is stored along life's by-ways,
Which were often lined with tears,
And when, sometimes, over anxious,
Where my aching feet have trod,
—Stopping oft to ask who willed it,
Something whispered it was God.

When I now recount the blessings
Which have fill'd my heart with joy,
From the long-ago of childhood,
When I was then but a boy.
Only seeing bloom and roses,
Or, perchance, a golden rod
If, I've asked from whom the blessing,
Then, there, something answered God.

When I find, I often stumble
Going down life's swift decline,
That the maker surely fashioned,
For me, by his own design,
Then, I've wondered at its roughness,
Why it weren't a velvet sod
That my way might been made easy,
Then, there, something said, ask God?

When I've seen, along the roadway,
All my loving ones fall out,
It then filled my heart with sorrow,
Or yet, more, perchance, with doubt,
For I've felt a strange temptation
As along the way I've trod
Here to lay all my misgivings
Just to the acts of God.

Stopping then to read the land-marks
That would tell me of the way,
Pointing out the end I'm nearing
I then only, now can say,
Tho' the way I might made clearer
Than the ones I may have trod,
For I've found they all are leading
Every foot-step up to God.

BY FANUEL HALL.

(Memories of over sixty years ago from Dorchester to
Bunkerhill.)

Veiled dimly in the lowering mist
Where art and genius, long had vied
Their classic trophies to erect,
To my uncultured thought denied,

The Gibraltar of our liberty,
And first to freedom's rights here claim,
Long may thy strong foundations stand,
To mark thee, as the hall of fame.

By where historic statues rose,
Inscribed oft with an honored name,
Yet that which charmed my boyish heart
Was Franklin's with his crowning fame.

'Twas there, that brave immortal clan,
Raised freedom's strong heroic arm
That filled, the British selfish king
And all his lordlings with alarm.

No early clamor then arose
Save as the trusty, watchman pass'd,
In answer to a warning call
Of riot, with its ringing blast.

'Twas there, her sons imbued with fire
The holy war for freedom won,
And gave their lives as sacrifice
To venge the wrongs by Britton done.

There Choate and Webster often worked
To frenzy, once, the listening throngs,
And Phillipps, with resistless pow'r
Declaimed against his country's wrongs.

The sun rose from its couch of gold
And flung its bright fantastic rays,
To greet the waking world below
With answers of repeated praise.

The vernal breezes floated by
The odorous incense of the plain,
On drifting wings of ether foam
Out to the sun-kissed lashing main.

All nature then in praises joined
With gladness at returning day,
Save where a brooding wayman stood
Or muttered on his lonely way.

While there a giddy loiterer smiled
With languid step along the way,
Whose silly trappings plainly proved
That they were fashioned for display.

The drowsy tenants of the night
Had woke to greet the early hour,
While bright and pearly jewels clung
To every sweet dew-laden flow'r.

The song birds sang from wetted throats
With raptures of a living lyre,
And nature seemed attuned with joy,
In vestures of her bright attire.

The grazing herds had climbed the hills
Or roamed with freedom down the glades
While passing waymen stopped to view
Or rest there in the leafy shades.

I too, with joy the scenes beheld
As turning oft again to view
Or halting in my anxious mood
Some pleasing thought then to renew.

The early toilers' voice then rang
With mingling medleys of the birds
Re-answered from the far off hills
By lowing of the grazing herds.

Then Bunker-Hill's high tower rose
All aglow with the setting sun,
And where my tired feet then were
Once stood the feet of Washington.

While yonder nigh its granite base
Heroic Warren's blood was shed,
And there beneath the green "lush grass"
The nation's heroes lie there dead.

And here and there, across the plain
Green hedgeways marked some proud estate,
Where friends with friends await their friends,
Some jocund legend to relate.

And far off in the reach of space
The glistening flash of church spires rose,
With flying trains in swift pursuit
Or resting there in mute repose.

The lashing dirges of the sea
Repeated back their droning sound,
By inharmonious harps attuned,
From rock, to rock, with quick rebound.

Whose muffled voices loud and deep
Then echoed down the distant lea,
The breaking waves against the shore
Re-echoed back, to it and me.

While ocean monsters of the waves
Nigh there then to the rocky strand,
Where anxious hearts waited with joy
To see again their native land.

Then often as I homeward turned
Met wealth, and splendor's grand attire,
And there, too, in that crowded throng
Was haggard want and blind desire.

When swift along that halting mass
There answered back from man to man,
A voice which rang with loud reproof,
"Man's inhumanity to man."

Such are the frailties of the mind
When crazed by greed's ambitious pow'r
Or blind forebodings of the heart
And dark surmises of the hour.

Then want and worth joined the refrain,
Reverberated back with cheer,
While in the twilight's misty haze
The cross of Christ stood bright and clear.

Soon that inevitable hour
To solve the mystery of life,
Will come to solve the doubts and fears
Of mingled sorrows, joy and strife.

The vestal church bells loudly rang
From Park streets' high and lofty tow'r,
Proclaiming that the day was done,
At even-tide's brief, restful hour.

Thus closed, there, then, my early jaunt
As mem'ry now the way defines
Where wealth and want, and war had reigned,
And truth and error, left its lines.

WHEN THE CRY OF SUMPTER'S FALLEN.

When the cry of Sumpter's fallen
Echoed through our land and main,
With our country's flag half masted
For our loyal heroes slain,

Rose a voice of vengeful clamor
Which across the northland broke
And a million sons of freedom
To the battle cry awoke.

On each warrior's face was written
What his loyal heart would seal
Death to all his country's traitors
Death with burnished flashing steel.

On abreast like torrents rushing
Fleet the host of freedom sped
With their nerves of iron tramping
O'er the living and the dead.

Oh! what tears of anguish mingled
With the sufferings of the slain,
From the homeland wives and mothers
As they viewed that royal train.

Oh! what words of love unspoken
Breathed within the maiden's heart
As the pallid, silent, hopefuls
Clasped her lover's hand to part.

God of heaven, e'er did freedom
Ask so great a sacrifice
Or has ever human passion
Worn a deeper deadly guise.

Swiftly by me all the morning
They've been passing rank and file,
Bravely through the northland chanting
Songs of freedom all the while.

Home again their ranks are filing
Slowly to a martial knell,
For the lost the dead and dying,
Left in battles where they fell.

The eternal wage of freedom
Lying gory, stark, and cold,—
Yet the nation has embalmed them,
On its pages writ with gold.

TO MELVIN.

Happy hearted little boy,
Full of laughter, full of joy,
Writing with your infant hands
On life's shifting, drifting sands,
O! what sunshine fills thine eyes,
Bright as are the sun-lit skies.

Unrestrained by rod or rule
Taught in nature's wondrous school,
Happy, joyous, wild and free,
Busy as a honey bee,
In the flowers on the hill
Eating honey to its fill.

Climbing up life's golden stair,
Building castles in the air,
Building now and then a plan
For tomorrow, little man,
Learning wisdom in thy school
Without book and without rule.

Never crimes or sorrow knew,
In the sunshine as ye grew,
Ever toiling all the day
Happy at your work or play,
Mongst the castles that you trace
With the sunshine in your face.

Laughing over halls you build,
Here and there with wonders filled,
With your playmates by your side
In your young unselfish pride,
Sowing seeds that soon will grow
Thorns or roses, who may know?

God alone can only tell?
Yet to him who doeth well,
Will with knowledge here be fed,
And by love and truth be led,
Thus dear happy little boy,
Build with truth, with hope and joy.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

Running here, and running there,
Burdened with her endless care
With so much to do indeed,
How can she get time to read?

Everything is topsy turvey,
Every moment in a hurry,
Stop the papers quick indeed,
For she has no time to read.

Thus the live-long day she sighs,
Making bread, or baking pies,
Stop the papers with all speed,
How can she find time to read?

There's four boys and that old man,
With herself, and husband Dan,
All to care for, and to feed,
How can she get time to read?

Thus she worries, day and night,
While her hair is turning white,
Chasing chicks, with their feed,
How can she find time to read?

Here and there in a flurry,
Always something, hurry, hurry!
With so many mouths to feed,
How can she get time to read?

There's a library full of books
See how wan, and tired she looks,
Stop the papers quick indeed.
How can she get time to read?

Coats and mittens on the floor,
Caps and other things a score,
How can she find time to read?
Stop the papers quick indeed?

Mabel with her soft, white hands,
Not made to wash or scrub,

Befitting, some high station here,
Waiting in a ladies' club.

Suns may rise, and suns may set,
And worth and virtue get no heed,
Leaving her to toil and care,
How can she get time to read?

TO A LADY.

Dear lady as I often turn
To where I met thee last
My heart with rapture then will burn
As if again by me you pass'd.

When swifter beats my throbbing heart
As from my lips thy name will fall,
With gladness that the thoughts impart
Of pleasures which they do recall.

Thine eyes appear like burnished gold
With angel smiles thy cheeks are dress'd,
While trancing beauty does enfold
Each pulsing motion of thy breast,

Could fitful nature e'er conceived
Of innocence, as thine combined,
With beauty not to even exceed
The greater virtues of her mind.

MILDRED.

Nature's sweetest, fairest flower,
Sparkling with a roseate hue,
Blest with love's surpassing power,
Sweeter than the morning dew.

Tangled curls and eyes of brown,
Lips of pearl so sweet to kiss,
Wrapped within thy em'rald gown,
Fairy-like, my elfin miss.

Lovely child in life's glad May,
Cast, 'twould seem, in angel mold,
Full of laughter, full of play,
May God bless thy heart of gold.

TO GENEVIEVE.

I often see the placid smile
That lit thy sweet and lovely face,
As from thy lips then rang the while
Sweet music with such classic grace.

Whose notes I never will forget
Nor charm that seemed to me divine,
That more endearing seem still yet
To draw my heart sweet child to thine.

Fond mem'ry will here, gladly wake
The bliss I too, so oft shall feel,
While wishing in my arms to take
Thy lips from which a kiss to steal.

To lull to rest some lonely hour
As I thy songs and face recall
With eyes of such bewitching pow'r
They do like sun-rays round me fall.

TO ADA.

Thy rosy face dressed with the flush
Of envious sunbeams dancing there,
On dimpled cheeks with smiling blush
That loiter long thy smiles to share.

If sometimes there an angry pout
Unconscious from thy lips may fall,
Thy cheerful nature soon drives out
And scarce a line, can I recall.

If rankling passions fill thine eyes
Defiant as if 'twould consume,

'Tis but a moment's brief disguise
They soon their laughter will resume.

If still in thy impulsive heart
There lingers there an angry thought,
Love will soon with thy native art
Disown the lines it may have wrought.

While then thy pure immortal soul
That angry passion will disprove,
And love impassion'd love control
Until it does the thought remove.

May long my darling Venus live
With every earthly pleasure bless'd,
A wish to her, I freely give,
To whom I have these lines address'd.

TO CLINTON AND RAYMOND.

Whatever in life you find to do
Do it without complaining,
Never a fear about the way
You'll find that by trying.

Whatever course you may mark out
Keep on that way pursuing;
The chances are, 'twill bring success
To him who keeps on doing.

Never a hill so steep or high
Without some way of climbing,
You'll find it if you only try
'Tis only found by trying.

And while you're toiling laugh and sing,
A cheerful heart's worth having,
A miser's greed will spoil the soul
And spoil the heart by halving.

A spendthrift is like Satan's boot
Which can't be fill'd by filling,
And is as useless to mankind
As is to him a shilling.

TO MR. AND MRS. GEORGE DOWNEY
AT PARTING.

Too, soon the parting moment comes
When friends from friends are reft apart,
And friendship's sweetest pleasures end
To leave for each a wounded heart.

If oft reluctant tears may fall
As time again the past reviews,
They will bring back, remembered joys
Which are fond mem'rys sacred dues.

They oft repeated will return
In mem'ries of departed years,
And will relieve the heart of pain
If too, may be, it is with tears.

May they to you here oft appear
With rapture, mirth and welcome glee,
A pleasure which I wish dear friends
May often fall with joy to thee.

MY COUNTRY.

My country stirs my innmost thought
At mention of its name,
With records of its noble deeds
Crowned with immortal fame.

As mem'ry brings in swift review
Her genius and her worth,
With heritage of liberty
God's crowning gift on earth.

Though error now may blindly strive
To plant its covert feet,
It has no grant of franchise here,
And soon will meet defeat.

If justice turns with weeping eyes
From sights it would disown,

And manhood gazes with dismay
Upon its fallen throne,
Yet glory crowns her youthful name
With justice, truth and pow'r,
The ward of freedom's sacred right
Its gracious holy dow'r.

If chance a wanton cloud obscures,
The sun-light from above,
Now smiling on its virgin soil
Is fellowship and love.

For every breeze across its shores
With balmy breath inspires,
Thy sacred love of liberty
Its gift of pilgrim desires.

Nor greed, nor wrong with all their strength
Cannot 'gainst it prevail,
For it is built upon the rock
That error can't assail.

I CANNOT HONOR WAR.

I cannot honor deeds of war,
Nor wreathe a warrior's tomb;
I know its sequence is but death,
Its fruits are fruits of gloom.
Tho' pampered by a nation's pride,
And lauded for its pow'rs,
There is no perfume for the dead,
Tho' wreathed with bloom and flow'rs.

I'd mourn then for the widow's grief,
The fatherless in tears;
That now are weeping desolate,
Thro' all their living years.
I'd wreathe for them a magic wreath,
With love its only shield;
And for the silent dead lips, dumb,
Upon the battlefield.

I would rebuild the Cross once raised,
Nigh the Assyrian shore;
On which no plumaged helmet there,
Its martyred hero bore.
I'd trust now to its matchless pow'rs,
With deeds of love and peace;
To heal the furrowed scars of wrong,
Till martial pride should cease.

If sleeping now, their loving hearts,
Below the clamorous wave,
Or if beneath a foreign turf,
They find a silent grave,
No chaplets twined for sleepers there,
Can now their lives restore,
It is for those whom here they loved,
That I now care the more.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia shall now thy lust
Of military pow'r,
Betray the birthright held in trust
Of Freedom's holy dow'r?

Shall blinded love of empire raise
Aloft its draggon head?
And on thy stary fields to blaze
The lie that Freedom's dead?

Shall its proud spirit with contempt
Humanity betray?
And lead here by its base attempt
The nation's heart astray?

Shall Columbia e'er forget
The price that freedom cost,
Lured by the star of empire set
Above, where it was lost?

Heaven forbid, these oft-freetold lies,
This shameless bold device,
When Washington now loudly cries
To follow his advice?

MR. SO AND SO.

The greatest folly of the mind,
Of Mr. So and So,
He does not know that he is blind,
And yet, in truth 'tis so,
He knows of this, and knows of that,
Yet when himself he sees
He never knows of his red nose
Nor snakes that twist his knees.

THE MEADOW MOLE.

It was this morning through the grass
I drew my keen-edged scythe,
When peering from the tangled mass
Appeared two shining eyes;
Then dodging back into its hole,
I saw it was a meadow-mole.

But on I went then thoughtless by,
Not heeding what I saw,
'Till on my blade there wriggling lie
A mouse's bleeding claw.
And from her half-hid, grassy hole,
I saw again the meadow-mole.

There, writhing in a gory flood,
Four little mousies laid
And on the ground their dark red blood
The mother there surveyed
I heeded not her mournful dole,
For it was but a meadow-mole.

But then—I could not quite conceal
A feeling of remorse,
And own I did some sorrow feel
For each cold, mangled corpse.
But why should I care to condole
The mis'ries of a meadow-mole?

Reflective, then, a stroke I gave,
But still her wistful glance
I could not banish from my gaze,
While with each step's advance
I wished then deeply in my soul,
I had not harmed the meadow-mole.

For something whispered in my heart
With shame I must confess,
I had not done a manly part
To cause a mouse distress
For in her eyes a living soul
Seemed glancing from the meadow-mole.

And why should I, when pleasures free
Fall from God's willing hand,
Have caused that mouse its misery,
Or pain to follow man?
Too late with grief did I condole
The sorrows of that meadow-mole.

How often has ambition's curse
In greedy search of gold
Changed all the joyous fields of earth
To icy seas of cold,
And cared no more the joys it stole
Than I did for the meadow-mole.

How oft a cold and cruel world
Replete with evil pow'rs,
Has fallen on the hearts that heard
Like frost upon the flow'rs,
Yet careless of the injured soul
As I was of the meadow-mole.

IN MEMORIAM.

'The rustling leaves, in whirling pools,
Flutter around my door,
And sullen winds with dismal round,
Keep up their mournful roar.

The autumn sun, with lurid beams,
Shines through my lonely room,
And every voice sounds like a dirge,
That echoes from the tomb.

My heart, with its imprisoned pain,
Is torn with anguish's throes;
'Tis flooded to its very brim,
With more than earthly woes.

While every step that passes by,
Shrieks like the lapwings wail,
And tears alternate with the blast,
My broken heart assail.

Her step, that softly passed my door,
Will never cross the stile,
Nor will she light my hapless years,
Again with her sweet smile.

Save mem'ries of unselfish love,
Expressed by kindly deed,
That break anew the sacred ties,
Which cause my heart to bleed.

Heaven, can she from thy far shore,
See this sad face of mine,
Or hear one plaintive cry of grief,
Arise to thy fair Shrine?

The pathway of my weary life
Seems desolate and bare,
For human nature's failing force,
Shrinks with its dread despair.

I walk where often we have walked,
Together, side by side,
And Oh, my God, why is it thus!
Why was it that she died?

Oh, God, soon may new rays of light,
Rise from her crumbling dust,
And save my sinking soul from death,
They must, they must, they must!

Shall faith fade from my mortal eyes,
So blinded with despair,
And this dense cloud of hov'ring gloom,
Close 'round me every where?

The drooping flow'rs against the pane,
That gladdened once my heart,
Now with their faded, falling leaves,
Seem to new pain impart.

Tho' friendship, oft with pity's gaze,
Would of my sorrows share,
Alas, a ghost of solitude,
Sits in her vacant chair.

Can she know of my suff'ring here,
And still be blest above,
Or yearns she now to soothe my heart,
With ever deepening love?

If so, these pangs far worse than death,
Like mists would fade away,
And leave the only wish I crave,
To meet her there, "Some day."

Oh, God, hold firm my palsied hands,
For now, I see her face,
Ah, yes, drive back death's dread alarms,
And stay my heart with grace.

TO MRS. HANNAH BARNUM.

How sacred, dear friend, are the mem'ries of childhood,
Endeared to my heart by the scenes they renew
So lavish with gladness were the days of my boyhood
Now swiftly repassing again in review,
Repeating with fervor, the fondest emotions
Whose heydays of sunshine around me now twine,
Awaking again the old recollections
Still dear to my heart, if forgotten in thine.

May thine be the gladness, so welcome to me
Of mem'ries returning that you cannot forget,
With day-dreams of glory, to long for thee shine
And never in darkness or sorrow to set.
May ever my harp with gladness be awakened,
By pleasures I always can claim as my own,
For the pathways of mem'ry can never be darkened,
If shaded with sorrow, though traversed alone.

THE SUN HAD SET.

The sun had set, and the twilight,
Hung on the edge of the day,
While the last dim rays of evening,
Slowly were drifting away.

And the tangled leaflets fluttered,
As the noiseless winds went by,
And the wild-birds songs then ringing,
Re-echoed adown the sky.

Life, left to the wings of fancy,
Drank free of its dreamful store,
As thought, on the waves of gladness,
Roved onward, from shore to shore.

Mind, in the revel was master,
O'er leaping with joy, if blind
By charm that ever will brighten,
The jewels of the heart and mind.

I stood in the range of the shadows,
Grasping a pebble or pearl,
That shone so bright in the darkness,
It set all my heart awhirl.

Not knowing its priceless value,
So swift was the passing thought,
There came to me like a vision,
A glance of my earth-life lot.

Whatever my hands had gathered,
I knew should be wrought in gold,
Or left like dross to be watered,
With tears to me manifold.

There rose before me, a mountain,
Crossing the way where I stood,
Its sides were both steep and rugged,
Or pathless, covered with wood.

IF MY FAULTS ARE LEGION.

I gazed at the talent to me given,
And a moment stood dismayed,
With many a pain and heartache,
At the trust to me conveyed.

Murmuring then, at my findings,
And manner it should be wrought,
Till visions grew wider and wider,
Far out of my reach of thought.

The symbol, I understood plainly,
Admonishing me of life,
And will'd within me to govern,
And meet its dangers and strife.

A ray o'er the mountain lingered,
Far above its crown of snow,
Revealing across the summit,
A way over which to go.

I wondered then, at the treasure,
And int'rest it would command;
Knowing how weak was the holder,
To toil with the brain or hand.

The darkness kept fleeing and fleeing,
And left scarce a trace behind,
While hope sprung up in my bosom,
Giving new strength to the mind.

A thought too, came at the instant,
Of Him who's able to give,
And if my faults are legion,
He is willing to forgive.

IS THERE SO POOR A SOUL.

Is there so poor a cringing soul
To bow here to an aristocrat,
Then pass a hungry beggar by
Without one sympathetic sigh
It only should be laughed at.

And is there one that's poorer yet
That lives for self and only that?
Then pity him, yes pity him
Whose narrow vision is so dim,
You should not scoff or laugh at.

It has no real manly worth
And is at most a heartless scat,
In stations high or stations low
A worshiper alone of show,
That honest men will laugh at.

If rich or poor, they lack of sense
And stop and bow, to this and that
When liveried shylocks by them pass
If known to be a soulless class
To be despised and scoffed at.

Sir, if you are an honest man
With love and law in compact,
Don't let ambition, greed or pride
Draw you from your ways aside
To then be scorned and laughed at.

By every man of heart and brains
If beggar born or autocrat,
A cringing soul, all should despise,
E'en poverty with weeping eyes
As something to be laughed at.

If one so blind may now exist,
Then poor soul beware that
Your desert, here, will soon be rue;
And deeply as your heart may rue
You'll surely then be laughed at.

For nature to itself is true,
And often seems so hard that
We turn away from what is due,
While owning in our hearts 'tis true,
The more then to be laughed at.

Then let not station now divide
Our erring hearts, for all that,
For worth will prove the only claim,
That's worthy of an honored name
All honest men will bow at.

VISIONS.

Now my heart seems even gladdened by the visions of
the past
And I hear a footstep coming, light as moon-beams in
their flight;
With the shadows deftly hiding, deeper shadows, which
they cast,
Till my heart is over-gladdened with the vision in my
sight.

When the sombre years grow brighter, as the vision re-
appears,
With a footstep treading softly, lighter, than the falling
dew
Till the curtains, rise, now hiding in the mist
of falling tears,
Bring again the sacred vision, brightly to me in re-
view.

And I wait, the footsteps coming, down a well remem-
bered way,
When a thousand fancies gather swiftly back on mem'ry's
wings,
From the golden shores of dreamland, dimly seen with
fading ray,
Till awakened by the gladness and the rapture which it
brings.

O PALLAS.

O, Pallas, lend thy wanton wing
To fly from tempting cares away,
And feast on bloom, of laughing spring
Whose dews repel its swift decay.

To drink the nectar of the flow'rs,
Ere bloom, and sweetness there shall die
Where fragrance fills, kind nature's bow'ers,
And cloudless sunshine lights the sky.

Where welcome to his step and rest
The early wanderer oft will hear,
And love, and pleasure all have blest,
Nor yet, will fall a sigh or tear.

When sweetness fills the early morn
That night's delicious dew supplies,
Nor yet, obtrudes no bitter thorn,
Nor storms, or winds, invade the skies.

AWAY WITH THE VISIONS.

Away with the visions I painted with pleasure,
Their brief dreams of glory have faded or fled,
Whose sweet inspiration so free without measure
Forever have vanished or silent and dead.
The efforts in vain I so lavishly wasted
Through frailties of nature which fell to my lot
While charmed with elixir, if sweetly it tasted
As quickly to perish, as visions it wrought.

Away with the visions I painted with pleasure,
Their brief dreams of glory have faded or fled,
Excepting their phantoms a moment surviving,
Repeating their visions, save loss of their charm
I crave not, nor care not for jewels adorning
The crowns of the monarchs, or magnates of fame
They soon fade away as the dews of the morning
Oft leaving no virtues to honor their name.

Away, O, away; life's vain dreamings forgetting
As the last rays of twilight too soon disappear,
For sunsets of glory more bright in their setting
Repeating tomorrow's more glorious here,
While they will forever new changes awaiting
With emblems, still brighter of effluent flame,
Repeating in mem'ry or visions divining
Far brighter than all of earth's annals of fame.

Away with the glory of armies and navies,
Against all the precepts, and gospel of peace,
In citing contempt for the palm that it raises,
While the lustings of power and empire increase
Away with the pretence of friendship repeating
To end inhumanity, "man here to man,"
When every action implies by its teaching
That glory and conquest, alone, is thy plan.

Away with repeating thy love and devotion,
When selfishness marks every path ye have trod,
And falter 'tween precept and blind adoration,
At war with the spirit, and worship of God,
Let the day beams of Heaven, new wisdom impart

Until night shades of error shall break into day,
And love and devotion shall bind heart to heart,
On earth, as in Heav'n, to God's will obey.

MARGUERITE.

Thou whisp'ring waif of lisping song,
Breathe now thy sweetest and tenderest lay,
'Till every heart in sorrow's throng,
Shall sing with gladness on its way.

Let strains of passion's mingled fears,
Cease pulsing down on mem'ry's wing,
'Till all the griefs of slumb'ring years,
Have lost the torture of their sting.

O! let thy voice, fair Marguerite,
Re-echo like a running stream,
While it moves on in swift retreat,
To melt as whispers of a dream.

And as it wakes the sleeping leas,
We'll hear thy vesper music ring,
Far o'er the deeps of mystic seas,
As sweet as voices of the spring.

While down life's restless stream it rolls,
'In ebbing heart-throbs all divine,
To rift the pain of human souls,
With thrills of gladness wrought in thine.

A USUAL OCCURRENCE.

My little, bright eyed darling Am,
Now bangs the door, quick, with a slam!
Then peeping, out her baby nose,
As fair as Venus in her pose;
She goes off dancing on the run,
Her laughing eyes so full of fun;
And grabs poor puss, by head or tail,
While tripping, hopping, down the rail,

To dump her in the washing-dish,
Shouts, Mamma! Kit swims like a fish!

Then smiling, with an artless glance,
She runs off with a wilder prance;
'Till frightened by Kit's maddened yawl,
As she runs swiftly round the hall,
Shouting, "Mamma!" "Come and see Am!
An grandpa, oo! come see the fun,"
'Till she and Kit, falls with a slam
Crying, "Mamma, O, catch Kit, run!"
Mamma, quick catch Am.

Suggested by a view of the city of Appleton, and
the twin cities of Neenah and Menasha.

AT TWILIGHT.

It is the hour when Nature seeks repose,
Which brings to weary toilers peace and rest;
When free from cares their daily cares impose,
And troubled hearts, are once, if briefly, blest;
While they beneath night's boundless fields of blue,
In dim forgetfulness, beat warm and true.

The nodding trees, now dozing in their sleep,
In drowsy slumbers to their rest betake;
While, there the sun, sinks in the bronzy deep,
Half pillowed in the bosom of the lake;
And here the spires above the college domes,
Where busy students write their classic tomes.

Now pensive night, drives out the light of day,
And silv'ry clouds fling back their fading glow;
With vales and fields receding far away,
Down which, rich streams of milk and honey flow;
For here, grim want ne'er stalks about a door,
Nor hunger haunts, the humble, toiling poor.

Here science smiles upon the works of art;
And knowledge thrives, for knowledge is the cause
Of gladness, dwelling in each freeman's heart,

Ruled by the sway of wisdom's gracious laws;
While the dull tinkling warbling of the stream,
Makes Nature seem a sweet, delicious dream.

Industry's wheels, now rouse my thoughtful mood,
Where honest wage well earns its daily bread;
While crooning songsters in the sleeping wood,
On tangled boughs are singing o'er my head;
For twilight bids all creatures now rejoice,
While in pursuit of pleasure there by choice!

O man, who builds the fires of discontent,
To stir the smouldering embers of distrust,
By schemes, ambition coldly does invent,
To riot in its selfishness and lust
While God and Nature, both conspire
To fill, to him, his measure of desire.

Heaven, thy dews are freely now distilled,
And the surcease of goodness here now proves
For the Paternal blessings Thou hast willed;
As o'er the heart, thy Holy Spirit moves;
While Nature, with a sweet resounding chord,
Repeats the promise of Thy Holy word!

But hark! the medly of the night-bird lays,
Of crooning songsters on the passing breeze
That echo back with loud responsive praise
Their joyous music, with the fluttering leaves,
While swifter on, with deeper passions roll
The sweetest music of the human soul.

The lily, with its queenly costume dress'd,
Feigns no contempt, beside a withered rose;
Nor on the Pansey's loving lips have press'd,
Does it for once, a jealous look disclose;
Then why, is man with all his grace and pow'r,
Less, than, the greatest, or, the humblest flow'r?

The rising moon through misty vapor wades,
Above the glow of bright electric fires;
While, nestling in the evening bloom and shades,
Twin cities rise, with glist'ning, sparkling spires;

And far, across the skies of star-lit hue,
Are oceans yet, of deeper, clearer, blue.

No rocks, like Scotia's breast the tumbling sea,
To turn it back, like beasts to find their lair;
Yet, golden harvest crowns the fruitful lea,
And vales and hills are more than Albion fair;
While, Freedom's temples, do, as proudly rise
As those that stand 'neath blue Venetian skies.

Here manhood thrives, and virtue wins reward;
For equal justice sways the cause of right,
With Truth and Love, the only honored ward,
Restraining wrong and giving right its might;
Here long shall stand, fair Freedom's tree,
Nursed by the prayers and tears of liberty.

For there beneath yon rising burnished tow'rs,
The classic halls of learning proudly stand,
Where minds are taught through many weary hours
That Love and Truth, must rule a freeman's land;
The rock on which our freedom first was built,
To break the Tyrant's blade, back to its hilt.

Tho' some vain dream, of transitory pow'r,
With its illusions, to delude the free,
May strike at freedom, for a briefless hour;
A still-born waif, it soon will prove to be,
And then, some Orpheus with his harp in hand,
Will sing the praises of his native land.

THE MEETING AT THE SPYE.

I was so stupid and bashful,
Timidly, foolish and shy,
I would go around the corner,
When Bessie went by the sype.

And when we met at the crossing,
She seemed to act strangely too,
Her face, as red as a Robin's,
And mine was crimson, I knew.

At night when homeward we started
She seemed then silent and sad
Yet a smile her face would brighten,
As if to say she was glad.

My feet at a straw would stumble,
And I own I knew not why,
While I waited a moment longer
For her lips to say good-bye.

I stood long there in the silence
As I heard her sweet voice ring,
For she could sing like the angels
Sweeter than May-birds in spring.

Her notes rang back in the sunset,
On wings of the passing breeze,
Or fell, like the silvery moonbeams
In shades of the drowsy trees.

At noon again as I pass'd her
A tear then fell from her eyes
And from my troubled heart there sped,
The film of its false disguise.

And all day long my anxious thoughts
Tried to drown their inward pain
It only increased the feeling
For it would return again.

When next we met at the corner
Dark clouds hung low in the sky,
The lightning flashed bright and fiercely,
I knew of the danger nigh.

Running in haste to the crossing
To find her there by the stye,
Seemingly, then, lifeless and dead,
—I cried Oh, God, will she die?

Her lips were white as the lillies,
I grasped her up in alarm,
And her eyes seemed then to brighten
The lightning did her no harm.

I bore her to the farmhouse yonder
As I pressed her lips to mine
While she kiss'd me back the answer
Which I answered back from mine.

The old house is still there standing
Where together we have grown old,
While weaving life's webs of gladness
Woofed and warped with threads of gold.

I often wait at the corner
There, now to hear Bessie sing
For she can sing, like the angels,
Sweeter, than May-birds in spring.

HALL AND I.

Hall was once a farmer's boy
But now he stands so high,
For he is such a gentleman
And pray too what am I?

The very things I do dislike
He loves, this gentleman!
And tells me of my wasted life;
Then how, to be a man.

Hall sees the beam that's in my eye,
Yet far, as I have known,
He never seems to feel the mote
That is now in his own.

Hall draws from 'neath his satin vest
A tinsel cigarette,
And cries, O Tom, your life is hard
I do, old boy, regret !

Hall likes to ride my saddle horse
With looks so bright, serene,
Believing that I'm so well pleased
He can afford to lean.

Hall smiles to see me drink the milk
Though he dislikes the taste,
Then blandly swallows down the cream
And turns away in haste.

Hall likes to sit upon the fence,
And see me milk the cow,
And praises me for all the skill
I have to hold the plow.

He asks me for a ten pound note
To hold him at the Hub,
And kindly then he asks my vote
To help him in the club.

Yet do not think, I mean to say
For once that Hall is mean,
For he is such a gentleman
He's somehow learned to lean.

He says he'll soon be governor;
Or go to Congress sure,
If not he'll own half Higate street,
His titles are secure.

For Hall is such a gentleman,
He knows 'bout this and that,
And keeps me posted 'bout the times
For he lives in a flat.

Yet Hall was once a farmer's boy,
He owns it with a sigh,
And now he is a gentleman
But O, pray what am I?

ONE BACKWARD STEP.

He one backward step has taken
How soon are more to follow,
Till thorns and thistles only, grow
In his neglected fallow?

THERE IS A CHARM.

There is a charm you do possess,
Nor time, nor art, displaces,
Alternate, hopes and fears arise,
As I now view thy graces.

How vain attempts are, to disguise,
My sense of joy and pleasure,
Like Phoebus in his bronzy deeps,
With its exhaustless measure.

Erewhile, a fancied dream is dreamt,
That brings but pain at waking,
While every effort simply fails,
At all attempts offshaking!

And yet, as Phoebus's golden flame,
It is to me alluring,
And every impulse of my heart,
But makes it more enduring.

ELSINORE.

Rise, O troubled heart and listen
To the voice of Elsinore,
In the drowsy midnight speaking
Evermore and evermore.

Dark as Hebe my life is clouded
Now with sorrow, Elsinore,
For thou art now unforgotten,
Nor to be here, nevermore.

Toss'd on grief's wild breaking billows,
Waiting for thee evermore,
With my weird and wizard fancies
That roll on from shore to shore.

Pleading with imploring gesture,
Now to see thee, Elsinore,
As the darkness gathers darker
Bound me now, and evermore.

Rift the veil now intervening
Here between us, Elsinore,
For the shifting shadows gather,
As they never did before.

Bove the vesper whispers calling
As I hear thee, Elsinore,
In the mystic gloaming darkness,
Now forever, ever, more.

That with thee I may awaken
From my grief, I now implore,
With no darkness intervening,
Then, between us, Elsinore.

Cleave away the closing vapors
From thy face, dear Elsinore,
Let the mystic midnight vanish
From between us, Elsinore.

WHY DID YOU WAKE ME, DARLING?

To Hattie.

O, why did you wake me, darling?
I thought I was over there
And the faces round me smiling
Were to me divinely fair.

Yet I know you would not, darling,
Have wakened me from my rest;
If you'd known that I was, darling,
With her whom we all love best.

Yes, why did you wake me, darling,
They had raiments white as snow;
Yet why should I blame you, darling?
For I know you did not know.

Oh! why did you wake me, darling,
I thought I was over there,
With your mother with me, darling,
Standing by her vacant chair.

But why should I blame you, darling?
When I know you did not know
She was there beside me, smiling,
With her raiments white as snow.

No, I will not blame you, darling,
Though I was then over there,
She will soon again be smiling,
By me in my old arm chair.

If you find me sleeping, darling,
Do not disturb my chair,
Let me keep on sleeping, darling,
You will know she's with me there.

ON THE SNOW CRESTED HILL.

Yon bleak snow-crested hill,
So lonely lies, in a silent rest,
Wrapped with its mantle, cold and still;
Around its crest.

Hid there from light of day,
Where no wandering dirges rambling by
Can on her drowsy slumbers prey,
Or cause a sigh.

She 'neath the waning moon,
There sleeps, tenant of a dead love lost;
Before the close of life's bright noon,
She scarce had cross'd.

The stars may shine serene,
From temples 'bove her sepulter'd brow;
And chasing winds the hills careen,
As they may now.

Spring's misty vapors, dank,
May wake again the sleeping bowers;
And crown once more their fretting bank,
With bloom and flowers.

The sunshine melts its snows,
Chasing echoes' echo down thy sides;
Or hide away in mute repose,
As chance decides.

No more as in the past,
With thee, my loitering steps invade;
Tho' soft be there, the breeze or blast,
Thro' thy lone shade.

This tear-kiss'd clover leaf,
The one memento, press'd now to my heart;
As a dear sacred treasured sheaf,
We will not part.

It was Heaven's decree,
Thru all these sad years now floating by;
That I in grief should turn to thee,
Where thou dos't lie.

But soon, ere-while, some morn,
Without the plaint of long dead years;
They'll lay me here beneath the thorn,
Reft of my tears.

'Till we shall hear the voice,
Re-echo, sweetly, down the hill and shore;
Awake, and gladly now rejoice!
Forevermore.

WHY OWN TO DISCONTENT.

Why should I own to discontent,
If this be but my monument:
These simple lines to fade away,
As drifting dust or mould or clay,
In which no one a thought will trace,
Or genius find a resting place;
But turn from it with scorn or ire,
Unconscious of my soul's desire,
While toiling on, with fear and hope,
As clamb'ring up with pain the slope;

Where brighter genius holding sway,
Outreaching far my steps today.

I see high on Parnassus' brow,
The golden sheaves there, shining now,
Thru rustling banks of waving trees,
That flutter softly in the breeze,
Above my lonely hermitage,
Beclouding now, each line and page;
Down from their high veiled battlement,
Whose winding pathway, time has rent,
O'er which I hear the shambling tread,
Of those whom now, the pathway thread,
By echoes of their weary feet,
Which rings me back a slow retreat.

'Twere better in the foremost rank,
To perish where a hero sank,
For, less to earth the soul would cling,
With freedom for its tireless wing,
Than live with my one moon-lit ray,
That fades before effulgent day:
Or faintly lights its dark abode,
As up and down life's stream it row'd;
Yet why, my heart be thus beguiled,
If fate indignant on it smiled,
Because it failed to gain the prize,
Why should it fate and God despise?

If with my one imprisoned ray,
I can fame's temple now survey,
It poorly does assuage the woe,
While standing here, so far below,
And gazing at its golden crest;
So far away from its sweet rest,
Imprisoned as in legends old,
Chained to the rock, in a damp hold,
I still am glad that I can hear,
One tender note of love to cheer,
If thus we stand so far apart;
It brings some joy now to my heart.

NOTHING, NOTHING MORE.

Unknown voices from the darkness,
Asking in my dream of gladness,
Why keep writing reams of nonsense;
 Nothing more, no nothing more.
As I listened to the statement,
That they sang without abatement,
And I found to my amazement,
 It was nothing, nothing more.

Then I pondered, pondered sadly,
Tho' I own 'twas sometimes madly,
As I gave to it no credence,
 Yet, it answered more and more.
That my heart had been so foolish,
With a habit all so mulish,
Yet I own it may be selfish,
 To own that my heart was sore
 If 'twas nonsense to the core,
 Nothing more, yes, nothing more.

Then despite the whispered rancor,
I felt in my soul an anchor,
Maddened by this evil censor,
 For 'twas what the spirit told me,
 If it had so badly sold me.
Wrecked me on a barren shore,
Still I will write the more and more,
If 'twas nonsense, nothing more,
 Tho' they sang it o'er and o'er.

Yet I own it brings me sadness,
If in writing it brought gladness,
 Sometimes to my empty door,
 When my heart was sick and sore;
If with sadness now I own it,
'Twould be sadder to disown it,
 For I wrote as God had taught me,
 If it has so basely sold me,
This alone and nothing more.

THE FRIEND WHO LAUGHS.

The friend whose laugh will make me laugh
Is one whom I would keep;
His smile brings to my heart such joy,
'Tho weeping when I weep.

He is to me like summer show'rs,
Whose sparkling drops distill
The sweetest fragrance from the flow'rs
For me to breathe at will.

His heart is full of joy and mirth,
From fountains wide and deep,
It fills my own with nameless cheer,
'Tho weeping when I weep.

THE WIDOWS OF BOER-LAND.

The widows of Boer-land may weep and may mourn,
For her dead and her dying by anguish now torn,
While their hamlets are flooded with crimson and gore,
As arms of the Britons dismantled their shore.

The cries of their children have crossed o'er the seas,
While freemen lie bleeding and faint on their knees;
The Britons, with trappings of silver and gold,
Are burning their homesteads and robbing the fold.

The wails of the dying ring out on the air,
And the hearts of her yoeman are wrung with despair,
For the Sea-lion, clothed in his mantle of mail,
Grows bold and defiant, to freedom assail.

Now millions are watching, with anger and hate,
This brutal assault upon freedom and state,
And blood-boiling passions are burning aflame,
To crush out the Briton, his wrongs and his shame.

Like the dead leaves of Autumn, which carpet the ground,
O'er the graves of the dead, so frequently found,
Where gathered their children, were murdered or died,
To slake the cursed lust of a vile Briton's pride.

The world mutely standing aghast at their deeds,
Refuses assistance to the Boer in his needs,
Is a partner in crime, that its peace will destroy,
And leave it unworthy to freedom enjoy.

O, Weep, Albion, Weep! quick down on thy knees,
Avengers will gather upon thy wild seas,
And spread desolation, o'er mountains and moors,
As cruel and heartless as thine to the Boers.

TO WHOM SHALL I MY HOMAGE PAY.

To whom shall I my homage pay
For pleasures I have had today?
I love to rollick oft with Burns
Along the Ayr, and hills, and tarns.

With joy I hie away with Scott,
Where Scotland's sturdy warriors fought;
From craik-cross to Skilfhill Pen,
By every rill and every fen.

There's Moore, too, with his Irish lore,
In classic lines of endless store,
As charming as a maiden's smile,
To fill my heart with cheer the while.

Too, Adison and Pope impart,
With polished sentences of art,
A sense of beauty to inspire
My drowsy thoughts with new desire.

With Tennyson I often row
Adown his placid streams which flow,
By graceful vales and rocky shore,
Where England's lords have strolled before.

Longfellow, with his magic pow'r,
Brings gladness with his "Children's Hour,"
And sanctifies a good-night's kiss,
For world's no loving heart would miss.

Hemans Baer, and Ingelow,
With crystal rills of sweetness flow;
Too, Goethe from his lofty tower
Charms and awes me with his pow'r.

And Milton, with his lays sublime,
With Pollok in his course of time,
While Emerson's profounder song
I wait to listen gladly long.

There, too, is Mrs. Annie Lee,
With waifs flung on life's troubled sea,
That ring with a sweet, thrilling tone,
Appollo's lyre would not disown.

There's Chatterton, whose youthful heart
Was born with genius' wand of art, —
And Whittier, like a summer breeze,
With Bryant nature's God would please.

And Byron, with exhaustless art,
With far more than a lordling's heart;
And gray with his imperial lyre
That may dead lips with life inspire.

Ah! then, with all these jewels set,
And others, too, I may have met,
To whom should I my homage pay
For pleasures I have had today?

COLUMBIA.

My country, my country, though dark clouds may gather
Around thee with fury to darken thy sky,
Thy emblem of freedom shall live on forever,
Its records of glory are written on high.

Thy Puritan fathers have planted its banner,
Forever o'er freeman to loyally wave,
And proudly their children, on mountain and manor,
Have made it, the home of the free and the brave.

Thy deep love of freedom, with honor and glory,
Have crowned thee as mistress of land and the sea;
While thy homes of gladness, known long in story,
A refuge of safety to all now is free.

My country how worthy of greatness thy name,
Peace be to thy bosom and glad be its thrill;
Not spurred on by passion, thy freedom to shame,
Striving with blessings all hearts to fill.

May harps, warmed by freedom, more worthy than mine,
Sing long of thy greatness, thy glory and worth;
Till the stars in thy banner more bright and divine,
Shall shine with new splendor, unknown at its birth.

Till deserts shall bloom with the freshness of Eden
From the Rhynes sunny waters to the homes of the
Boer,

From Finland's ice regions to gateways of Aden,
With glory to lighten the dusky Timor.

While more brilliant may glow the flame at its fountain,
Endearing thy people to freedom and home,
Where liberty reigns over valley and mountain,
The bequest of our fathers for ages to come.

Unswayed by ambition's devastating pow'r,
Or pride that will lessen thy glory and fame,—
Thou art now for freedom, its only one, bow'r,
And chief of the nations, the crown of thy name.

A CALM .

There is a calm for every sea,
A charm for every heart,
A joy that is, or is to be,
That will new joys impart.

HOPE.

Hope is like the rising sun,
Shining and ever for aye,
Building up joys for tomorrow,
On the losses of today.

HOPES.

Don't hang your hopes on follies' horn
Nor with it once conspire,
'Twould plant a thorn within your heart
And crush its best desire.

AMBITION.

Let not ambition e'er dissuade
You from the right,
However great the promise made
For right has might.

FAME.

Fame, here, like wind-harps, often fail
With every changing breeze,
And leaves you with an empty sail
On dark rough billow'd seas.

SUGGESTED BY READING AN ANNONY- MOUS POEM.

The author of these charming lines,
Enthused with Parnassian fire,
Must have dwelt in poetic shrines
Thus to here his soul inspire.

Or if nursed in life's angry storms
He saw inscribed upon his name,
Entwined with bright celestial forms
Wreathed with royal wreaths of fame.

Unknown, and yet forever known
As one here of royal birth,
A peer upon a peerless throne,
Known by his immortal worth.

The winds' fleet wings must lit,
Up his clear radium sight,
Rich with its wealth of inborn wit,
In its rapture of delight.

I'VE A CLOISTER.

I've a cloister grandly gilded
Though I have no stately home
In the endless fields of reason
Where with freedom I may roam.
I have halls superbly fashioned
With the garniture of love,
Springing out of Nature's bosom
All around me and above.

I have fountains by me flowing
Flowers glinting in the dews,
On the hills with beauty glowing
Dressed with Nature's wondrous hues.
I have pleasures, if they're humble,
Which the great may well desire;
And I find sweet themes of study
In the thoughts which they inspire.

I have true and fond companions
Tho' I seem to be alone;
In the winds I hear their voices
Coming from the great unknown;
And they linger round my pathway
As I feast on Nature's bloom,
Gazing, oft in silent wonder,
At the vastness of my room.

I have friendships, sacred friendships,
That for worlds I would not lose;
Friends that meet me in my study
As in silence there I muse.
Yet, they are so kind and gentle,
Looking with such loving eyes;
That the pleasures which they render
Make my life a paradise.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Bathed in the gold and purple,
That fell upon the plain,
Where the Lamb of God was sleeping,
In his rude manger lain.

A star the shepherds greeting,
With its celestial ray,
While angel throngs were watching,
Beside it where it lay.

Thus dawned the Christmas morning,
The holy child was born,
To live a life of sorrow,
And wear a crown of thorn.

While back and forth to Heaven,
The Angel foot-steps ran,
With a loud chorus ringing,
"Good will on earth to man."

Tho' errors useless vollies,
Send forth their cry afar;
Good will to man forever,
Re-echoes from the star.

And joy and gladness answer,
The living, sweet refrain
With Heav'n and earth rejoicing,
That Christmas comes again.

BRITANIA WEEP.

Weep, Britania, Weep! at freedom's fall;
The nation's last and worst disgrace,
That does a waiting world appall,
And all thy glorious deeds efface.

Why hast thou soiled thy royal name;
The heritage thy fathers left,
To brand thee with indignant shame,
At sacrifice of their bequest.

Weep now! Oh, weep! repentent tears,
That Heaven cast on thee its smiles,
And stay the woe-besetting fears,
Which gather round thy sea-girth isles.

If acts of thine can wash away,
The bloody records of thy crime;
Oh, haste! Haste, now! without delay,
While God in mercy gives thee time.

Is Boer-lands' dread embittered fate,
A monument of thy base pow'r;
Encircled by the chains of fate,
Is their sad doom, to be thy dow'r?

"The mills of God, may slowly grind,"
Yet surely will their crushing wheels,
Break down thy tyrant hordes now blind,
And hissing serpents bite their heels.

Too well you know, that it was won
Here by another's toil;
And idle drones will spend thy gains,
When thou hast changed to soil.

Oh! thou, poor, haughty dupe enthroned,
By armed oppressive pow'r;
No hand will wash thy crime away,
Nor gladness be thy dow'r.

The suppliant kneeling at thy feet,
May be a genius born;
Yet, vested with his poverty,
Thou wilt his manhood scorn!

For which no gold of thine can pay,
For he is wise and true;
The God of Nature made him thus,
Nor God, nor man can you.

Christ was God's chosen man of earth,
Envolved by truth and love,
Canst thou, poor mortal, change the will
Of Him who reigns above?

DEAR ZELL.

I would, Ah, yes! I would, dear Zell
 Drink of the sunshine in thine eyes
E'er softly falling from their liquid shell
 As dews fall from the summer skies.

I would, Ah! yes, I would, dear Zell!
 Catch the sweet incense of thy breath
So perfumed in its liquid well
 It never can, here, taste of death.

I'd fold thee to my heart, dear Zell,
 With grasp of everlasting joy
Enamored with thy holy spell
 That death itself could not destroy.

Ah, yes! I would, I would, dear Zell
 List to the murmurs of thy voice
Enchanting as its whispers fell
 While my glad heart would then rejoice.

Thy sacred name is Truth, dear Zell,
 Lit with infinitude of beams
Within whose rays I'd love to dwell,
 And share the solace of thy dreams.

THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

Ah, me! how well I now can see,
The low roofed cottage by the sea;
There with its white-sand covered floor,
And rose-vine wreath above the door,
The hay-ricks and the barn and sheds,
The trees, the bloom and flower beds,
The bridge, with arch and cross-beams stay'd.
Where oft in childhood I have played.
There is the orchard, on the hill,
Whose luscious fruit, I taste it still!
While in the brook, the sporting trout,
From amongst the rocks keep darting out.
Ah me! how plain, tonight, they seem,

The fields, the hills, the rocks and stream;
The loom, the bars, the spool and reel,
The web, the quills and spinning wheel,
Are standing there for me today,
As plain as if 'twere yesterday,
With singing of the foaming surf,
That breaks against the briny turf.
The sea-bird's wild and broken lay,
That echoes down the shore and bay;
The twilight and the later eve,
With the sweet face of Genevieve,
Whose rosy cheeks and laughing eyes,
Were bluer than her eastern skies;
While other faces quite as fair,
Are ever smiling by me there,
As sleepless on my pillow toss'd,
Or dreaming, I the Bridge have cross'd.
But, Oh, Ah me! how sweet the hours,
Which bring me back the fields and flow'rs,
As up the hill again I climb,
Or sitting 'neath the beech and lime,
In hope-land there, with Genevieve,
The golden webs of fancy weave,
That do to me such pleasure give,
As o'er again the same I live.
If wide awake, or in my dreams,
The same old gladness comes, it seems;
As swift in flight and still its flow,
As in the old-time long ago.

AT CLOSE OF DAY.

I love in silence then alone
When waning sunlight hides away,
To wrap with curtains of the night
The golden mist of fading day.

When Katy-dids in mossy cells
Awake to sense my drowsy ear,
While softer notes of nightingales
Ring in the leafy branches near.

To seek in quiet solitude
As tender mem'ries rise and fall,
With feelings of exalted praise,
Of nature's flow'r embosomed hall.

Nature calmly is at rest,
And in unbroken slumbers sleeps;
When lightly o'er the shaded way
The night-dews' fragrance sweetness weeps.

While as I pass with listless step
May rouse with rev-ries whispered sigh,
Some sleeping tenant of the grove
I've wakened by my passing by.

Till dazzling mist with less'ning flame
Have lost their tints of crimson hue;
Or if perchance one lingering ray
Remains across the star-lit blue.

I turn reluctant with a tear
On life's unfathomed ways to weep
Till weary nature claims the rest
I find in sweet refreshing sleep.

While, too, the tenants of the grove
By that same wise creator taught,
Have hushed their piping songs of praise
In that same rest which I have sought.

INFATUATION.

He reveled in Eastalian dews,
That 'round Appollos' temples fell,
And with vain glory charmed the while,
On visions of their Orphean spell.

He on Helicon's summit stood,
And from Hippocrene fountains drank,
'Till drunken by Parnassian wine,
Into its rocky stream he sank.

He listened to Euphrosynus' harp,
And worshipped at her fabled shrine,
For inspiration to his muse,
To write, if one, immortal line.

Like Psyche's charms, to cupid's heart,
Still dearer grew its treach'rous flame,
Perchance as Venus, most, inglorious part,
To bring dishonor to his name.

Parnassian rocks oft filled his way,
And oft his inspiration blast,
While o'er Helicon's distant brow
Were darker shadows deeply cast.

Yet still he loved Helicon wine,
When brewed there by Appollo's art,
And often listened to its muse,
To hush the dreamings of his heart.

He often roved in Delphian shades
To revel with this rambling shrew,
With his Pegassus by his side
And drink the sweet Castilian dew.

A THOUGHT.

Nor would he for this phantom sprite
To waste of genius ever own,
And chas'd its phosphorescent flame
O'er mountain, moor, and marsh unknown.

TO A FLOWER.

Sweet little dainty fragrant flow'r
With perfume free,
What have I left in life to love
But her and thee.

If now she sleeps within the grave
Her form I view,
Then whom on earth have I to love
But her and you?

Thy perfume fills my lonely room
With more than myrrh,
What then is left for me to love
Save thou and her!

The sun may revel with thy leaves
The breezes stir,
What is there more that I should love,
Than thou and her.

Thy fragrance, charms my roaming sense,
From bud and burr,
Yes, all that's left in life to love,
Is thou and her.

The storms may beat the winds may blow
O'er her asleep,
Yet by thy rustling leaves in gloom,
I'll sit and weep.

The night's soft dew's thy lips may kiss
And stars above,
Will look down with their twinkling eyes,
On her I love.

Yon wandering moon will o'er her shine
With its pale light,
But thou and her wilt still be mine,
Both day and night.

TO HATTIE.

Pray come to me, dear Hattie now,
And promise me today,
You'll lay these old things safely by,
When I have gone away.

I know how worthless they may seem,
These old things then to thee
And that your heart will never know,
How dear they are to me.

That dear old book, with its worn leaves,

Long years ago, may be,
A gift from one I dearly loved,
And still so dear to me.

Yes! and that faded lock of hair,
The breezes toss'd so free,
Was cleft from her fair golden head,
And is, so dear to me.

That tarnished necklace, once was worn,
By her whom now I see,
And if 'tis brown'd with dust and mould,
A dear old thing to me.

And these old gloves, O! am I blind,
Dear Hattie, can you see?
They once enclosed her living hands,
And are so dear to me.

Oh! there's the cuffs she once has worn;
Long years ago, may be,
Tho' fading fast away to dust,
They are now dear to me.

And there too, Hattie, is her old shoes,
I've seen them dance with glee!
Tho' if perchance long years ago,
They are still dear to me.

And yet, I fear some day ere long,
A blaze will brightly shine,
When they will burn these old things up,
These dear old things of mine.

But pray! remember, Hattie dear!
When these old things you see,
They seem to cheer a broken heart,
And were once dear to me.

SHE SINGS WITH THE STARS TONIGHT.

She sings with the stars tonight,
To me from some world unknown,
Rung down on a wireless 'phone,
And rings in my heart tonight.

She sings with the stars tonight,
Not out of the silent grave,
It rings on an ether wave,
And gladdens my heart tonight.

She sings with the stars tonight,
With notes of her Heavenly Lyre
For me to my soul inspire
And rings in my heart tonight.

Yes, she sings for me tonight,
Away in some world afar,
It may be in yon shining star
To gladden my heart tonight.

TO ELIZA.

Thy treasured gift, to me's the pledge,
The love I feel, thou too must share,
I'll fold it firmly to my heart,
As if thou wert now resting there.

Though time its wasting mark may make,
Along the changing course of years,
I'll treasure it, now for thy sake,
If it should often bring me tears.

'Twill be to me as twilight dews,
That fall upon the leaves of flow'rs;
'Twill drive the gathering gloom away,
That else might haunt my weary hours.

No treasure ever will appear,
As sacred to my heart as this,
For 'twill renew the friendship past
With thee, whom I so much will miss.

'Twill not be like the morning stars,
Which hide away from brighter rays;
Or wait for darkness to return,
Ere one can see their dazzling blaze.

A SONNET.

How many and many, a bygone year,
Upon the mountain now so bright and green,
The dead and dying leaflets I have seen,
Wove by the alchemy of Nature's arts,
With rifts of sunshine, and the fretting frost
Bringing with it gladness to human hearts,
As on the season's changes came and cross'd,
When life was born, and too, was quickly lost.

Lost, in the vortex deep of wasting time,
Which gathers up the ages as they pass,
To wait the gladness of the Heav'nly clime,
Beyond death's reach, across the sea of glass,
Where warring passions have no ceaseless strife,
To mar the joys of an eternal life.

TO MRS. HANNAH BARNUM.

Dear friend of my boyhood, how welcome thy greeting,
Renewing old friendships I cannot forget,
Awakening with fervor the deepest emotion
Whose heyday of sunshine forever has set,
Repeating with fondness the days of our childhood
Inwoven with mem'ries that round me now twine
Awakening from silence the sweet recollections
Endeared to my heart if forgotten in thine.

Let thine be the welcome while I share the gladness
That comes from thy greeting and friendship alone,
To live in my heart and never forgotten
A gladness I'll cherish as something my own
Which every note of my Harp will awaken

With mem'ries of joy that they will inspire,
Stronger than friendship, if true and unshaken
To quicken with gladness my song and my lyre.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. MATE CURTIS-
CUNNINGHAM.

This tribute now from me is due,
To lay upon thy resting place,
Although no offering can renew
Or add one virtue to thy grace.

Each morn, some foot-step here may bring,
A new sad off'ring to thy worth,
Yet no singer here can sing,
Or call thee back again to earth.

Thy lips that once so sweetly sang,
Are silent 'neath thy moldering bier,
Yet whispers of thy soul are rang
To greet my off'ring of a tear.

Dear child, I often miss thy smile,
Illumed with love's enchanting pow'r,
Yet seems to smile for me the while,
At morn or mid-night's darkest hour.

Its beams repress my sorrows here,
And all thy wealth of love recalls,
While if for thee there falls a tear,
Relieves my grief, as here it falls.

GOD'S RADIUM LIGHT.

As I loiter long the pathway,
Of the swift departing years,
Looking back upon the midway,
As thy radium light appears,
While I drink again the fruitage
Of their gladness or their tears.

O, what phantom forms there rises,
In the shadows falling there,
Brightend with their sweet surmises,
Or darkened with a dread despair!
As I stand here wistfull gazing
At the mem'ries gathered there.

Happy years still unforgotten,
Passing in their speeding flight,
With the loved ones there begotten,
In the rapture of my sight.
Greeting those I still remember
In my fullness of delight.

God of Heaven, now I thank Thee,
That we oft may gather there,
Though these earthly forms, it may be,
Never of their gladness share,
Yet the spirits thou hast given,
Will forever gather there.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

Ten thousand thoughts cannot dethrone the mind,
And yet one thought can make ten thousand blind,
Or stay its known expansive power
As frost will kill a garden flower.

CLINTON CURTIS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, READING A LETTER FROM HIS MOTHER, MRS. G. L. CURTIS.

Here's a letter from my mother,
See her tear drops on the lines,
For she's weeping for me, boys,
Now here with you, in the mines.

She's standing by the window boys,
Near my picture on the wall,

Where she ever waits at sunset,
There to hear my footsteps fall.

Yes, she's by the window, gazing,
Far off to the golden west,
By my vacant chair, now waiting,
For me boys, to come and rest.

I will go home tomorrow, boys,
For I hear my mother's call,
As she's waiting by the window,
Now to hear my footsteps fall.

Hark, I hear my mother calling,
With her loving lips so true,
And I'll go home tomorrow, boys,
Where, I'll often think of you.

TO MYRTLE.

Sweet beauty graced her childish face
With fascinating wiles,
So charming was the artless grace
Of her entrancing smiles.

Her eyes were bright as sparkling pearls,
With beams of youthful health
And crowned with rolls of tangled curls
Of beauty's priceless wealth.

Her lips were sweet as honey dews,
Or perfume of the flow'rs,
The music of her infant muse
Rang with its rhythmic pow'rs.

Her voice was like a sweet toned lute,
Tuned by her childish will,
And softer than a shepherd's flute,
Or singing whippoorwill.

NELL !

Nell, I'm standing in the twi-light,
And I'm thinking now of you,
When here thru these leafless branches,
The warm summer breezes blew,
And I'm looking over yonder,
At the old house on the hill,
Where we've often stood together,
And the roses blossom still.

But the trellis is now broken,
Where the climbing roses grew,
And the rustic seat is vacant
Where I've often sat with you,
When your tossing, tangled ringlets
Floated softly in the air,
And I turn now to the sun-set,
For no smiling face is there.

And I hear no more the laughter
Of thy ringing childish voice,
While wondering if its music
Makes some other heart rejoice,
Is thy face as fair and lovely,
In the sun-set's golden glow,
As when we were there together
In the long, long years ago?

Now, I'm gazing at the trellis,
With its broken, loosened bars,
And I ask if in the distance,
Now beneath the shining stars,
If, too, you may be there thinking
Of the old-time cottage still,
And the playmate once there with you
By that broken window sill.

• And I wonder, from thine eye-lids,
If there falls a trembling tear,
To the mem'ry of the cottage
And the school-mate standing here,
Or has time its frosts of silver

Flung across your girlish brow,
And your cheeks are wan and faded
As thy playmates are here now?

Then the shadows seem to brighten
As the twi-light disappears,
And old mem'ries come to gladden
Up the mystic wake of years,
As I listen to thy laughter,
Echoed down the lapse of time,
And the air again is freighted
With the roses and the thyme!

All the romances of childhood
Are now rushing back to me,
While I grasp thy hand if absent,
With a wild and boyish glee,
For the fragrance of the roses
Is now mingling with the breeze,
And I see you out there standing
In the twilight 'mongst the trees.

AT PLYMOUTH IN 1852.

It was to this inhospitable shore
Chilled by the breath of bleak December's blast
The Mayflower, once our lone forefathers bore,
And to the deep, her trembling anchors cast.

Here womanhood, not with her courtly train,
For God and freedom dared a Pilgrim's lot,
Across the billows of the trackless main
For which by faith in these lone wilds they sought.

No murmuring sounds of forlorn hopes were heard,
They sought protection through their faith in God,
Gainst maddened waves, the wintry winds had stirred,
While kneeling here upon the frozen sod.

Their shivering barque, its sacred burdens bore,
Through storms, and blasts, that then so coldly blew,

Till in the forest, on this rocky shore,
They built the homes, here for their famished crew.

No Lordlings were in their ancestral line,
Nor the presence of an ignoble slave,
Theirs was true manhood, loyal and divine,
The birthright of the noble, and the brave.

We now the grandeur of their works survey,
Built above their inanimated dust,
From ocean on, to ocean far away,
Our heritage of freedom left in trust.

Hail, to these early wanderers of the main,
That gave freedom its consecrated throne,
And made immortal this historic fane
With tireless toil, upon its corner-stone.

Here oft a treasured relic still remains
That has the waste, and wear of time withstood
While far across the hills and dotted plains,
Their trophies rise, beyond yon leafy wood.

Their legends the lapse of time have gathered here,
Are deeply carved upon these ancient rocks,
They gave to freedom all they had a tear,
Today, the earth and ocean interlocks.

We bow with reverence to that heroic band
Whose toils and sufferings made the new world free,
And planted firmly on this iron strand
The cherished, sacred, tree of liberty.

TO A BLADE OF GRASS.

Thou little blade of tender grass
Thy tiny head upholding,
What are the vital sparks of life
Thy hidden spines unfolding?

How dost thou paint with shades of green,
Thy glossy tinseled vesture?

Wove with the rosy beams of light
That twinkles in each jesture.

Dost thou drink of delicious dews
To feed thy hungry fibers?
While unseen artists etch the lines
That rim thy silken borders.

From whom the perfume of thy breath,
And marvels of thy senses?
For if I rudely break thy blades
You see with eyeless lenses.

When laughing at the summer wind
As 'gainst thy cheek it presses,
Dost thou kiss back a voiceless prayer
As it thy lips caresses?

How dost thou make the looms to weave,
Thy leaves, with woof now filling,
And gather from the earth and air,
The juices now distilling?

ARE YOU?

Are you seeking now my brother
In the maze of pleasure's rounds,
For the good of self, not others,
Where frivolity abounds?

Are you chasing tempting fortune
Up the dizzy steps of fame,
While the webbs of life you're weaving
For the hollow sound of name?

Straining every nerve to gather,
Careless of the right or wrong,
Treasure that will fade and perish,
You will cease to care for long?

If 'tis so, thy toil is harmful,
Robbing life of sweetest charms,

In the race that thou art running,
Soon to end in dread alarms!

HOW STRANGE.

How strange Apollo's mystic art,
With all its wealth of treasure,
Has never taught my aching heart
His notes of rhythmic measure.

Tho' often list'ning with delight
To its entrancing cadence,
He turns away as if in fright
Or else is out of patience!

O could his rhythm but be mine
How tenderly I'd guard it.
Or is his gift a gift divine
That I cannot inherit?

Yet, ah! how quick I'd be a thief
To gain this one possession.
And yet it might not bring relief
Despite of my confession.

I PRAY FOR

I pray for the unrewarded,
In this dark and lonely sphere,
For the poor and unknown toilers
Now falling around us here.

I pray for the ones now thirsting
For the gold that is refined,
Hid in the recesses of being
With its wealth of heart and mind.

I pray for the hearts o'erflowing
With love and unanswered pray'rs,
That fall by the wayside lying,
Overcome by sorrow and cares,

I pray for those in the tumult
And rush of the crowded street,
With never a word to cheer them,
Or steady their jostling feet.

I pray for those here whose errors
Have closed the windows of light,
And hopeless now weep in darkness
Through a long and starless night.

I pray for the ones who labor,
That error may end its reign,
Until wrong shall cease forever
God's beautiful world profane.

IF—

If brains, not dollars, made the man,
'Twould be a good beginning.
With ghouls and grafters drown'd or hung
There'd be far less of sinning.

If women ceased to worship duds
There'd be less crime and sorrow,
And half the world would not then live
On what they steal or borrow.

If women ceased to follow clubs
They'd be esteem'd as treasures,
And soon would find in every home
A larger store of pleasures.

No shy reporters then would laugh
To see their pranks and poodle,
And husbands then would not be forced
To steel or hunt for boodle.

Honest worth would find a place
Of trust in every nation,
From Porter up to President,
If high or low the station.

No bankrupts then would have to fall
Before writs of ejectment,
And homes of rich and poor alike
Be bless'd with more contentment.

WRITERS OF THE BIBLE.

With a beauty quite sublime
Of rich exhaustless store,
And a wisdom, too, divine
Of pure unmeasured lore.

In clearness far surpassing
The compass of the mind.
With a knowledge of the past,
Nor to the future blind.

Their logic is so perfect,
It leads us with surprise,
Excelling all the wisdom
Of the most worldly wise.

Their language has such beauty
And purity of style.
It fills the soul with wonder
And gladness all the while.

With subtleness and power
It tells man of his loss,
And of his resurrection
Revealed here by the Cross.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF IGNORANCE.

Chained in the sightless dark abodes,
Where ignorance is found.
Enslaved within its narrow walls
My tim'rous thought is bound.

O knowledge, if from brighter worlds
Thy Orphean Harps appear,

No Neibher with his charming songs
Will reach the darkness here.

Tartarus' smoky walls will rise
To hide the burning spark,
And hush the limping broken lyre
As Heraditus dark.

No slumb'ring notes of pathos wake
Thy vieled and darkened shores,
With strains of music to my heart
Nor lyric sweetness pores.

LIBERTY IMPERISHABLE.

Imperishable Liberty!
Inwrought within the soul.
No Tyrant or crud master
Can mortal man control.

Satanic force can't crush it,
Nor bind with iron cells.
'Tis God's bequest to Nature
If here in clay it dwells.

A spark thrown from the anvil
Of his Omniscent Will.
The Earth and Time outliving,
Nor change, nor death can kill.

SPEAK KINDLY.

Speak kindly, for thou can'st not know
The harvest it may bring,
Of rich rewards to other hearts
That from it yet may spring.

THE ILLUSIVE POWER OF BEAUTY.

'Neath yew-tree shades on mossy rocks
I sat and wildly dreamed,
Oblivious to the leering eyes
That 'neath the mosses gleamed.

While above me rose in Fairy land
Sweet beauty's winsome smiles,
Enamored by her amorous gaze,
A slave to all its wiles.

Transfixed by passion's magic pow'r
Its glances did inspire,
Only to shrink as if it were
A white Hellenic fire.

TO A. M. S.

May never fail one beam of light
To add its splendor here,
Nor dwarf of elfish cloud e'er cause
A semblance of a tear.

Where long may live thy darling,
Its sweetest, fairest flow'r,
With royalty and love her crown
To rule this Queenly Bow'r.

KISS MY LIPS.

Come kiss my lips dear kassy,
The light has burned away,
And night is sure to follow
The closing of the day.

WE CASTLES BUILT.

How long ago
I do not know,
And yet I can remember
We castles built,
And etched with gilt
With crowns of royal splendor.

Our temples rose
In verse and prose,
O'er which we used to linger
Round some new name
That rose to fame,
Then burnt away like tinder.

Hope stronger grew
As on time flew,
And wilder run our seeming
You will insist
Did not exist
Save only in our dreaming.

Love in each heart
Lent aid in part
In building up each story,
And night and day,
We used to say,
Behold their rising glory.

Which like a star
Seen from afar
We thought would shine forever
In the to be,
While we were free
To dream and dream on ever.

As on time flies
With wistful eyes
We hoped and build together,
Which to each heart
Did joys impart,
To live and last forever.

The deep seas lock
Life's quiv'ring rock
With wild winds across the main.
Yet Nature will'd
That we should build
Newer temples on the plain.

Lit by a beam
Or fev'rish gleam,
Shining with a deeper flow,
To brightly burn
And die by turn,
Wrapt with fancy's eager glow.

To climes afar,
Beyond the Bar,
Our wandering vision flies.
'Neath suns more fair,
Without despair,
Where bright magic columns rise.

What more to crave
This side the grave
Than wise Nature does supply
Of every good
The Fatherhood
Has given you and I?

If on the plain
There lies the slain
Of soul-wreck'd mortal man,
Who sought to build,
With pride self will'd,
Without God or Nature's plan.

O Vanity!
Thy sophistry,
With its blind deceitful dream,
All wonderful,
From which to cull
Jewels from life's shifting stream.

Come happy years,
Come joys and tears,
If more or less be given.
Thank God we built,
Of gold and gilt,
By pathways up to Heaven.

Where yet we see
We are to be
If only in our seeming,
It does inspire
The soul's desire
To live, you'll say in dreaming?

Yet we still love
To look above
And see the castles rising,
Whose Architect
Without defect
Our lives are supervising.

Where we ere long
With a new song
Will sing and sing forever.
While we build on
The Rock upon
Our temples stand forever.

By spirits taught
Of being wrought
Life is no crumbling clod.
Born with the clay
To fade away,
For its building is of God.

WHAT STRONGER PLEDGE?

What stronger pledge of my esteem
Could I to thee have given,
Than own that if thou wast now here
'Twould make my life a Heaven.

THE LEPER.

Away from the world in her desolation,
Bedridden with pain, yet smiling,
She with a sense of her isolation
No utterance gave of repining.

The sun lifted its shadowy curtain
With a lustre shining brightly,
And her lips sang a song, making certain
Her heart felt its sorrow lightly.

If then, sometimes, a sound ringing outward,
Like the warm breezes in summer,
Whispering a sigh as if wandering homeward,
Yet gave no suggestion of murmur.

For the peace in her soul, upmost rising,
Was the love of God so decided,
Though the lep'rous sinew and flesh were dying,
In her faith in Him she confided.

BLESS'D IS THE MAN.

Happy, too, is the mortal man,
Who lives unscathed in his estate,
Biding the time of Nature's plan
While forging to a better state.

His purpose rising with delight
Above its meager share of gain,
Stands firmly in his war for right
If at the cost of pride and pain.

Then peace be still, too, grovelling care
That often blights the glorious names
Of those who 'gainst misfortune dare
Yet lose, to far less worthy claims.

PASSION AND SELFISHNESS.

How frail are the efforts engendered by passion
To stand on the bed-rock of justice and right,
Whose selfishness, lured by its love of oppression,
Disclaims its own wrongs and trusts to its might.

TO PROVIDENCE.

As do the waves on yonder tide
Turn quickly back into the sea,
I fondly wish that to my side
They'd bring thee back again to me.

A thought I do with pleasure own,
'Twould be to me life's greatest gift,
And if unwise it would alone
The burdens from my heart now lift.

For every moment then would be
A treasure sacredly I'd prize,
As sacred as I'd treasure thee,
The idol of my heart and eyes.

But ah! how vain the wish at last;
For pleasures past I must forego,
And yet, they do their rapture cast
Without a thought of pain or woe.

'Twould be more vain at this late hour
To wish and know the wish is vain,
For Fate with its enthralling pow'r
Has made the wish a source of pain.

If long desire may vainly come
Responsive to an inward sense,
Must I to pleasure still be dumb
And charge it all to Providence?

And, too, must be repress'd the sighs
That would the sad reflection own,
While every effort still defies
The thought, or wish, to it disown.

Yet, every instant by my side
Thou art so plainly in my view,
That mem'ry as the rolling tide
As often turns again to you.

THE INSPIRATION OF A SMILE.

A nature with no grace to own
The pleasure that a smile has given,
With kindly words in tender tone
That made Earth seem to it a Heav'n;
Is cold as is the soulless heart
That love's sweet smile will not inspire,
Without the schemes of treach'rous art
To light its restless living fire.
That kindles in a timid breast
The flashes of its quenchless flame,
Till it has burned away and cleft
All, save remembrance of its name;
Then as a Hare the hedgerow cross'd,
Flees from a fleet pursuing hound,
It owns it loved, if love was lost
To find a love still more profound.

ANGER.

O fated muses why I pray
Attune thy harps with this sad lay,
To bid my pulsing heart be still
O'ermastered by thy sovereign will?
If few, there be, to heave a sigh
Where now their slaughtered victims lie,
Foredoom'd to pain and broken hearts
Responsive to blind passion's arts.
A moment past, they went with glee,
Heart joined with heart in unity,
When lo! there came a cry of pain
And terror seized the happy twain.
While hidden passion soon revealed
The death-sting lurking 'neath its shield,
As it with Anger's arrows cleft
The one the slayer loved the best.

MIKE'S PROPOSAL.

Say, Biddy, will yer come with me,
I've been so long in waitin'?
Yes, Mike, but I'm afraid ye'll think
I'll not be worth the takin'.

Ah, Biddy, ye are to me life;
As sweet as gold and silver.
No man can be more happy now
Than is yer Mike McGilver.

O then dear Mike, God bless yer heart,
We'll soon be tied together,
And there'll not be a prouder wife
Than will be Bid McGilver.

Ah Biddy, then God bless ye too.
May niver come our partin',
Ye have a goodly chunk in bank,
We'll not be empty starlin.

Ah Mike, ye smooty selfish coot,
Is that now what yer arter?
If so, begone ye crooning dog,
I'm not for trade or barter.

OLD REMEMBRANCES.

When childhood's bright alluring skies
Their golden rays around me shed,
Again its hopes and joys arise
That long have lain asleep or dead.

When every step bears the impress
Of some dear old remembered scene,
As once again my feet may press
Its bloom and breathe its air serene.

Tho' fate may oft forbid return
Of old delightful happy hours,
Their light unquenched will brightly burn
With light to light its bloom and flow'rs.

And yet how prone my heart to claim
When other scenes and hopes have sped,
To charge to Nature's fault the blame
That now my childhood's joys have fled.

THE FLIGHT OF THE NAIADES.

The Naiades waking from thier sleep,
In wild enchantment swiftly flew,
Across the sweeps, beyond the deep
Of broad wide fields of azure blue.
To rescue their admired dame,
The empress of the desert tide,
And crown her as the queen of fame
The breezy, bustling world calls pride.
At last, they found and kiss'd her cheek
That turned their lips and hearts to stone,
Then bowing as they worship'd meek
They placed her on her royal throne.
While a new song the Naiads sang,
Beneath her temples, halls and spires,
Which now at vespers still is sung
To awe struck worshipers inspire.

NATURE COULD I?

Nature could I thy joyous life
Now in my soul possess,
It would allay the yearning strife
Which does my heart distress.
Thy solitudes are full of joy,
There music is the wind,
No tempest can thy peace destroy
Nor e'en disturb thy mind.
Thy seasons with eternal rounds
Of either frost or bloom,

Re-echo back no mournful sounds
Of an uncertain doom.

Thy nights of darkness have no fear;
There's laughter in thy rills;
Their limpid waters full of cheer
Are singing in the hills.

BEHIND ALL FORMS OF LIFE.

Behind all forms of changing life
A mystery pervades,
'Yond calms, or storms, or changing moods
That now my soul evades.

Is it that aesthetic sense
Beyond the light of day
Whose light now to my soul appears
Here with its rayless ray?

To teach me in my simple way,
Man is no dying elf,
For nature has my soul e'er taught
To learn more of itself.

Not that I hear, nor that I see.
'Tis some responsive force,
Of being in my heart inwrought
That Nature's laws enforce.

THE FRUITS OF IGNORANCE.

Each law that I may comprehend
Will some new law reveal,
If long here my uncultured sense
Did it from me conceal.

For every law that now exists
The Universe has known;
If through my narrow consciousness
It was to me unknown.

It is my fault if I am blind,
They permeate my soul.
And matter and will never die
They yet will still control.

They new relations have revealed
Of unity and life,
That has God's goodness long concealed
By ignorance and strife.

INVISIBLE COMPANIONSHIP.

There is a sweet companionship
Which nature does provide,
If found in deepest solitudes
The heart is satisfied.

'Tis interwoven in our thought,
By ether waves supplied.
In unity of God and man
The heart is satisfied.

It revels with supreme delight
In love's ambrosical bow'rs.
It soothes grief in every heart,
In sorrow's darkest hours.

It rises 'bove our toils and cares,
As if 'twere deified,
And oft with rapture fills the soul
Until 'tis satisfied.

If to my eyes invisible,
Intangible, unseen,
Not like a mirraged mystic spring
Oft in a desert seen.

It is the overflow of thought
Which forms the mystic chain,
Uniting love's dissevered links
'Tween God and man again.

'Tis not that Earth's material things
Man seeks to deify,
From which immortal blessings spring,
The soul to satisfy.

LIFE'S VITAL STREAMS.

How deep and irresistible,
Now swiftly on life's currents flow,
In vital streams of endless pow'r
Of either joy, or pain, and woe.

Here in this mysterious life,
Invested with creative force,
Express'd now in the human soul,
Exhaustless still in its resource.

While nature's channels here convey
Now ever from their hidden springs,
New lessons of eternal truth
Far yond here man's imaginings.

Unfolding immortality and life,
By higher altitudes of thought,
In revelations of new pow'r
Here in itself inwrought.

Incarnate energies inspire
Now man's too oft perverted will;
If wrapped in mortal vesture here
Now to God's holy thought fulfill.

In man's relationship revealed,
Here by that same creative pow'r,
Of God and immortality,
Which is his greatest gift and dow'r.

Through supreme order which prevails
In all of life's created forms,
Evolving newer laws wherein
To which all life itself conforms.

Thus God to consciousness reveals
Himself to all the universe.
Though man may here attempt in vain
His laws and love oft to reverse.

A DESIRE FOR TRUTH.

O gracious God unvail my eyes
That I the truth may see,
Which permeates the Universe
And centers God in Thee.

Its slightest fragments now disclose
A tragic mystery
Of life spontaneous everywhere
The offspring God of Thee.

Eternal forces now reveal
Immortal conscious life,
Pregnant with existing force
That reigns in peace or strife.

The evolution of new thought
Forever onward moves,
With an expansive conscious pow'r
That here its presence proves,

I often in my sleep am roused
By rapturous melodies,
That soothe life's saddest pangs of pain
In all of its realities.

Its inspiration fills my heart
With an exquisite joy,
That all the tragic ends of life
Cannot its truth destroy.

Winter suspends but never kills
Life in its frozen breast,
And death with all its terrors here
But paves the way to rest.

Life as transmitted in God's way,
Means transport to new bliss
Beyond all conscious concept here
In kinship too with this.

The universe its truth confirms
And revelation too replies,
While errors ever limping wail
Alone its truth denies.

Are these the faint remembrances
I in my soul retain,
Or evolution of new truth
In its evolving chain?

CARRY ME BACK.

Carry me back on wings of thought
To days ye now call old;
Weave me a song with lines inwrought
Of threads of purest gold.

If I have here now grown so old,
And blind and deaf and halt,
While, too, my heart you say is cold,
With many a nameless fault.

Sing me a song of love and cheer
Of days I used to know,
'Twill stay the pain now ever here
That oft in grief may flow.

Impatient heart withhold thy pain
There's joy enough to fill,
And bind all hearts with love's own chain
In links of God's good will.

Though I am old and deaf and blind
And differ with your thought,
We all have here a changing mind
And, too, one common lot.

If as you say I'm deaf and lame
And, too, I have grown old,
With life here but a dying flame
My heart has not grown cold.

HER FACE WAS LIKE—

Her face was like the golden haze
Of sunset's bronzy glow,
That hides the brightest stars away
Here in its deeper flow.

Her eyes had a bewitching smile,
Excelling fancies dreams,
That ever round her seemed to fall
In its exhaustless streams.

She was like Sheba's ancient queen,
With virtue's royal crown,
While on her face there never fell
The semblance of a frown.

Her form no sculptor could portray
Here by his ancient art,
Nor classic writer could define
The virtues of her heart.

TO A FLOWER.

I gathered once a smiling flower
That on the hillside grew,
And drank the perfume of its breath
Distilled in morning dew.

For every tinselled shining cup
Was with its fragrance gem'd,
And all its bright and velvet leaves
With golden borders hem'd.

Had I the gracious gift retained
Thy gladness to bestow,

As deeply grafted in my heart
As in thy leaflets grow.

What transports then my soul would feel,
Sweet impretentious flow'r,
To have one line of mine diffus'd
With treasures of thy dow'r.

TO MR. AND MRS. GEORGE DOWNEY ON
THEIR LEAVING FOR MICHIGAN.

Too soon the parting moment comes
When friends from friends are torn apart,
And friendship's sacred pleasures end
To leave to each a wounded heart.

Although reluctant tears may fall
As time again the scene renews,
While bringing back remembered joys
That are fond memory's sweetest dews.

They oft repeated will return
Through mem'ries of departed years,
Yet will relieve the heart of pain
If too perchance with falling tears.

May they to you then oft return
With rapture, mirth, and fireside glee,
A pleasure which I wish dear friends
May often fall with joy to thee.

ROSES.

The world is full of roses
For all to gather free,
Yet few of them we harvest,
For only thorns we see!

LIFE.

If life has been a failure
Still hope to us is left.

IF MINE—

If mine is but a humble home,
It has one gift in this,—
God's love and care protecting me,
Which gives me happiness.

HUMANITY.

Humanity, the Polar Star,
To draw mankind together
In universal brotherhood
Of love and peace forever.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

Error leads to dreary night,
Truth to perfect day,
Error wantons in its might
And revels with its prey.

TEACH ME, O LORD.

Teach me, O Lord, that I may know
And learn the better way.
If sin now blinds my sightless eyes
Give me more light I pray.

I for the truth have often sought,
But Oh! how hard to find.
The absence of thy glorious light
Here leaves me dark and blind.

WHAT HAVE I TO SAY?

What now have I this morn to say
And enter on my book the date,
But stop, the morn has pass'd away,
And thus I find I am too late.

Yet sad indeed it is to speak
Where speaking can't the loss repair,
And yet, one thought I'll try and seek,
And fate or fortune bravely bear.

If you should smile upon my plan,
And for my lack of brains be sorry,
And say, O fudge for such a man!
O'er fate or fortune thus to worry.

If wise I own your council is
Unusual here to find in girls,
It nicely fits my senseless phiz
As blank of thought as 'tis of pearls.

May I advice if useless give
If I this thought have kept in vain,
It should have taught me how to live
And saved me years perchance of pain.

But, I myself have made my lot
Half conscious then not knowing,
While musing o'er some senseless thought,
Or worse, here nothing doing.

THE NEW YEAR.

The new year has dawned on the nations with glory,
Bespeaking God's goodness and good will to man,
Immortal in legends of marvelous story,
Unfolding the promise of his gracious plan.

I WOKE.

I woke in the early morning,
In light of a new born year,
And thought of the old year's doings,
Forgetting the new one here.

With a thousand fancies rising
As the years then by me pass'd;
Floating away in the gloaming
I wondered how long to last.

Yes, over the old year's going
And the new years dawning day,
I wondered then how the record
Of the world would be writ today!

For the pure white snow was falling
And hiding the earth from view,
As an emblem of God forgiving
Sins of the old year and new.

Then a feeling of cheer arising
As the years then by me sped,
With a New Year 'fore me rising
With joys of the one that had fled.

GRAM AND I.

Old Gram has served me long and well;
We've both grown old together.
She's borne me over vale and fell,
In clear and stormy weather.

No neighbor's horse was quite as fleet
On either tile or gravel.
She never stumbled on her feet
If fast or slow she travel'd.

She'd canter o'er the hardest street,
You'd well nigh think her flying,
And never feared a car to meet,
Nor turned about and shying.

While many a fleetly roadster failed
In his attempts to follow.
For she then only swifter sailed
If up the hill or hollow.

'Tis thus we've lived on many a year,
Both Gram and I together,
In summer time and winter seer,
And still go on as ever.

So thus it is we run about,
If seeming now less willing.
And Gram will dance and I will shout,
As off she goes—'tis killing!

Many a nag his pace has set,
And she would go the faster,
Which did not seem her then to fret,
For he could never pass her.

So Gram and I have thus grown old
As on we've run together,
And you can't buy her with your gold,
Today, nor can you ever.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The old year now has pass'd away
To only live in mem'ries shrine,
Which as the sun's last parting ray
Seemed brightest when it ceased to shine.

If no more here its scenes I view,
Its charms old mem'ries will revive,
And often pass in swift review
With pleasure that will long survive.

While they as all remembered joys
Whose spell has lost its sweetest ties,
As cherished here as childhood's toys
Their mem'ry in my heart still lies.

And oft I'll turn to thee old year,
As thy dear scenes I chance to view,
While from my eyes may fall a tear
As mem'ry gladly turns to you.
O'er thy decease I'd breathe a sigh,
If not on thy retiring bier,
A new born year was passing by
With nameless joys my heart to cheer.

THE FOLLIES OF FASHION.

While going down the street today
I pass'd a woman old and gray;
She walked on with a camel's stride
And led a poodle by her side.

I'll chance you Sir, now two to four
She was three score, and ten, or more,
And tortured with a Grecian bend,
Save her no lady would defend.

In her right hand she held a cane
To keep the poodle off her train.
Harnessed up well for public show
With brass or gold I do not know.

The people laughed, if it was rude,
At this old dame so like a dude.
I laughed to think while writing French
Carlyle should stop to scold a wench.

How strange that pride should thus create
The silly fancies of the great,
Though if disguised 'tis lack of brain,
Its earmarks bear a shoddy stain.

SIR GALAHAD AND HARRIMAN.

Sir Galahad has found his match
And all the people laugh.
For all the bluff he flings about
They know is only chaff.

While Goliah swings high his club,
Says he, the gang can buy,
Then Galahad shies wicked words,
Cries Ah! you dog you die!

Then hotter still the kettle boils
To cook the tainted stew,
While all have pity in their sleeves
For Debs and poor Depew.

Louder yet the clatter runs
With oft a broken snout,
While Galahad still vainly tries
To knock some corner out.

Yet Harriman drives deep his spike,
And Galahad is sore;
For every blow helps bar him out
Now of the White House door.

O Kingdom come, where will it end?
As on the people run,
And know that either dog has but
An oily sugared tongue.

'Tis hard to kick against the pricks,
And both the gangs must fall,
They cannot wash the grime away
It has the stench of gall.

WE TWO ARE ONE.

Many a tear I've shed for thee
Since you cross'd life's unknown sea,
Though time's oceans 'tween us run
Still I know we two are one.

Often in my boat I glide
With thee rowing by my side,
Through the storm, or glowing sun,
So I know we two are one.

Long in sorrow I have wrought,
Always with thee in my thought,
Though my toiling is nigh done
Still I know we two are one.

If in grief I breathe a sigh,
Still I know that thou art nigh
As we down life's races run,
Knowing that we two are one.

Ever on my way I wend
Thoult be with me to the end.
Swift or slow the race be run,
Knowing that we two are one.

Darkness often veils my sight,
Still to me a rising light
Greets me with a brighter sun,
And I know we two are one.

Soon the threshold we will pass
Of that unknown sea of glass,
Hand in hand as on we run;
For we two I know are one.

BEWARE OF HIM.

Beware of him
Who scoffs at tears,
Who laughs at grief
And turns with jeers.

THE OLD.

I know that we don't count for much
'Cause we are getting old.
For there's no place that we can fill,
As we are often told.

And daily now I hear it said,
We've long since had our day,
And, O dear! what a trouble 'tis
To have us in the way!

They used to think we were of worth
In days of long ago,
But now they know the times were then
So far behind and slow,

And often turning with a shrug
Our antique notions scorn,
And wonder that such stupidity
Could ever once been born.

This sometimes wakens in my heart
A fitful sense of pain,
While they believe it selfishness
Or lusting after gain,

To grudge the time and money spent
Just for a little fun!
If we may spend ten dollars now
Where they would spend but one?

There is enough they have laid by.
What is the use to save?
Why should we drudge our lives away
And live here like a slave?

These foolish notions are played out
And of an other age,
Unsuited to our wiser thought
As to our heritage.

WAR.

Can it be true God taught mankind
'Twas right to go to war,
When half the world will never know
What they are fighting for.

In many battlefields the dead
Lie buried rank and file,
And they accord to him as fame
Who killed the largest pile.

I know that we with sadness turn
To where a neighbor dies,
And friends will mourn beside his grave
Where he in silence lies.

Yet if a Dago caused his death,
The people, old and young,
Will all alike the fiend curse
And say he should be hung.

While he who slew ten thousand men
Is praised for battles won,
And will then the Dago scorn
Who only kill'd but one.

It never seemed to me 'twas right
If others think 'tis so.
I wonder if God thinks it is?
How I would like to know.

I know both sides will pray to Him
And ask His help to win.
Can He regard such worship more
Than a cold farce or sin?

Tho' thousands differ with my thought,
To me all war is wrong,
And doubt if in God's Register
There's one approving song.

I'M ALMOST BIG AS YOU.

Mamma, don't you think I'm now
Almost as big as you?
Look and see how tall I look;
Now don't you think it's true?

See! Mamma, I'm growing fast;
This skirt belongs to Dore,—
Look and see how tall I am!
It drags upon the floor.

I am almost now, mamma,
As large as Lucy Grey,
And will have a bonnet soon
Just like dear Sister May.

I'm learning my A B C's,
And soon will read and write.
I'll write you a letter then
Like hers to Tommy Wright.

See how I can dance and waltz
With my bright golden curls.
I'll be a lady soon, mamma,
Just like the other girls.

You will buy me diamonds then
And other things to match.
And I will like my Sister May
The nicest fellows catch.

Mamma! Papa said last night
The mortgage now is due
He gave to buy the costly dress
For Sister Mag and you.

What is a mortgage, mamma dear?
For papa almost cried.
He was 'fraid we'd lose the farm
When Gamble's suit is tried.

IS.

Is he the wide reported wit
Of whom I have been often told?
And author of the books he's writ,
Reputed treasures of pure gold?

Is this then all there is to fame?
The blind cheap legacy of pride,
With hollow prestige of a name
That leaves the heart unsatisfied.

If so his royalty disown,
Write as a soldier of the cross,
If failing then, to fail unknown,
'Twill bring thee gain and cause no loss.

LIFE'S SWEETEST FRUIT.

How sweet life's ripened fruit will taste
Which Nature's culture will bestow,
That time and age through passing years
Will give if oft the growth is slow.

A perfect product then is formed
Which fascinates the human soul.
Its vital forces are complete
If unperceived and in control.

It is through constant ceaseless growth,
By age and long experience known,
That oldest trees abundance yield
And where the sweetest fruit is grown.

If oft an aged tree doth fall,
Encircled by its crumbling rind,
And, too, an aged man may share
The empty shadow of a mind,

Neglected nature claims the debt
That he unwisely failed to pay.
He failed to learn the only art
That would preserve him from decay.

Self culture with increasing store
Endows him with mysterious pow'r
That will not yield to force of time,
And is like fragrance to a flower.

'Tis cultured art's refining grace
That truly teaches man to live;
The only force which can or will
The greatest blessings to him give.

Man first ripens ere he can
The highest and the best possess.
His aspirations are the test,
Whatever else he may profess.

Its fruits are but the overflow
Of an enlarged expansive force,
Which time and age alone supply
Through nature's own appointed course.

By this equipment when complete
Nature creates the perfect man,
His soul absorbs the outward world
Alloted here to his brief span.

BUILD HIGH.

If high or low should be your part
Build with true and honest heart.
Build with efforts to surpass
Early idols made of brass.
Brighter then will be thy view,
Heaven smiles upon the true.
Life will be then to the last
A memorial of the past,
While successive ages onward roll
The seasons of thy living soul.
Then let no effort here create
A wreck, thy life to desecrate.

WHERE IS THE MASTER?

Where is the master or the art
To solve the mystery of the heart?
Its loves, its hopes, its doubts and fears
That mingle oft with joys and tears,
Then turns triumphantly from their spell
Or gazes sadly where it fell.

A LONELY LOT.

Oblivious to the strong demands
Exhausted nature does require,
Where age has lost its youthful pow'r
That would a fainting heart inspire.

While they with indecorous mirth,
Or colder, harsh indignant sneers,
Oft turn on him from whom support
Dependent they have been for years.

Ah, lonely is his lot indeed,
Reft of the love he should each hour
Receive from those his gifts first gave
To those the means to use this pow'r.

Adds to the pain that he must feel
From added anguish of the thought
That on his early toils they live,
While they have all his gifts forgot.

LIFE IS NO PHANTOM.

Ill fated life, can it be true
That thou art but a phantom,
With all thy daily pains and cares
Nor more, nor less, an atom?

If so 'twould grieve my heart to think,
As I am onward floating,

That 'tis like a bitter pill
That has a sugar coating.

But who with common sense would own
To such a senseless folly.
If I have owned to such a thought
God knows that I am sorry.

For it has precious joys apart
From all its pain and sorrow.
And is sufficient for today
And will be for tomorrow.

BE BLESS'D THE FACE.

How dear to the recipient's heart,
When age turns from the past the while,
Receives from those whom long it loved
Unsought a sweet and tender smile.

Forgetful of the trembling step,
And free from languid jostling gait,
Then turns with half bewildered gaze
And laughs at changes known to fate.

Recounting o'er its joys and dreams,
No transient pain to it is known,
While nature's half exhausted pow'r
Resume again its vacant throne.

O then be bless'd the face that smiles
Upon an aged one, once fair,
And presses with a kindly hand
Her white disheveled tangled hair.

DISTRUST.

Oh can I distrust now the purpose or feeling
So faintly concealing thy thoughts from my view.
Or is it but friendship that's flighting and fleeting
Which draws me so strong, if unwisely, to you?

These are emotions, discordant, if blending,
Which riot unfettered with love and esteem,
While reason stands ever unyielding, unbending,
Forbidding the pledges it cannot redeem.

O, is this wild frenzy of passion a refuge
Or altar to burn with unquenchable fire
The victim awaiting an unwritten message,
Which love and affection will never inspire?

If so, to such feelings I'll bid now defiance,
And yield to the frenzy of passion no more,
While trusting to reason for hope and reliance
If born of the feelings unknown here before.

FALSEHOOD.

O Falsehood, thou a thing accursed!
Turn from thy blind deceptive arts,
That Nature's laws have now reversed,
And brought but grief to human hearts.

Oh Haste, thy fettered feet to stay
The blind illusion of thy pow'r,
Till truth, and love, thy lips obey
The mandates will'd to rule each hour.

While those defenseless 'gainst thy wiles
Turn often from thy treacherous fray,
Deceived by thy deceptive smiles
That ne'er thy lep'rous thoughts betray.

Yea, stay, with haste thy tongue of fire
Which flings afar its burning flame,
That does thy festered lips inspire,
To perish with the breath it came.

THE GEM OF HER BOWER.

Her beauty to me was like a sweet flower
The mosses and hazels were trying to screen,

When gold on each leaf was blushing and blooming,
With flashes that mingled with purple and green.

So fair her face as she stood there reclining,
More bright than the flowers concealed from my view,
Her lips were like dew-drops when falling at twilight,
And kiss'd by the moonbeams with lovelier hue.

O Cupid couldst thou half her beauty divining
Withstand this sweet flower so blooming and fair?
No weakness of mine should a tear ever borrow,
To hasten thy arrows thou couldst not forbear.

My fancy beguiling itself in the tumult
Would turn from the shaft it dare not defy,
Tho' gladly 'twould ambush this gem in its bower,
If, too, in the effort 'twould perish and die.

FORBID THE THOUGHT.

Forbid the thought whose every note
Brings back to me but strains of woe,
And lives upon the ever past
From mem'ries of the long ago.

Hush with the light of new-born day
That's quickened with a brighter flame,
Not built with mold of old decay,
But present pleasures left to claim.

O stay the caprices of mind
That burn with phosphorescent fire,
And has no warmth to fill the brain
Or lasting rapture to inspire.

'Tis Nature's antidote I crave
To bring back hope and cheer again,
That oft with fitful smiles appear
With joy if new, 'tis not in vain.

ON YONDER PURPLE HILLS.

I love to go alone and sit
On yonder purple hills,
Amongst the toiling bees and flowers
And hear the whippoorwills,

A feeling strange, unsatisfied,
Comes to me as I roam,
As if I were an alien here
And far away from home.

There comes back in the solitude
A half remembered joy,
And when I've feasted on its gold
It changes to alloy.

I bide by times with anxious hope
Upon their highest crown,
And wonder at the scenes I view
As back I clamber down.

A glimpse I catch with golden hues
Away across the hills,
That's brighter far then to my eyes
Than brooks or whippoorwills.

If desolate there falls a night
Across the golden skies,
Still there, beyond that darkened void
Arises Paradise.

Tho' icebergs float with special gloom
'Tween me and that far shore,
A star, if dim, reveals a bridge
That leads up to its door.

And then I know, soul satisfied,
As o'er its hills I'll roam,
If but a glimpse is gathered here
Of what will be my home.

TRUTH.

Truth's magic joys ne'er prove us false,
Nor lapse of time bring their decay,
Though oft like maze of dazzling waltz
'Twill wander in its devious way.

Its sun will set in cloudless skies
Brightened by love's eternal flame.
For yond its twilight ever lies
A crown, crowned with immortal fame.

Smile not at my ambrosial dreams
That wakes in vain a rustic's lyre,
Tomorrow's sun with brighter beams
May bring new hopes and youthful fire.

Take my good-will if not my lot,
A rustic's life and bootless way,
The sweetest flowers are prone to rot
And sometimes soonest to decay.

THE INSTABILITY OF MATTER OR MIND.

I quail before a new found thought,
And tremble at its pow'r,
To find that all my labor wrought
Has vanished in an hour.

And yet despite my change of state
'Tis only change of mind,
The morrow may be will'd by fate
To prove today I'm blind.

The creed I worship fades away
Before some new found laws,
And e'en the changes of today
Reveal an unknown cause;

That withers with a scorching blast
All my concerted plans,
And every circle that I've past
Is sure to break its bans.

For Nature has no limits fix'd
Nor fixedness of form.
Our lives with joys and tears are mix'd
As sunshine with the storm.

There cannot be a more perfect personation of the Irish pun than is found in our late Senator John C. Spooner. The Irishman angrily said to his antagonist, "All the men ye ever kilt are alive yet."

SOLITUDE.

Solitude, the one glad consort of my soul,
Within thy cloisters there is a welcome rest,
Where thoughts writ on thy mysterious scroll
That satisfies the hungry longings of my breast.
No night so dark I may not there survey
The early dawning of a new born day.

TO THE READER.

Reader, if thou perchance should spare
A moment to these pages read,
Let censure not thy thoughts inspire
And wisely to their faults give heed.

If 'neath a garnished palace tow'r,
Where art has built itself a throne,
Or sheltered by a humble roof,
I pray thou wilt their faults condone!

The rankest thorn may bear a rose,
Though growing in a rocky sward,
Yet nature has with it no war
And kindly owns it as its ward.

Forbear to give thy swift reproof,
And burn the tares, if spared the wheat,
Thorns may survive the wintry storms
While roses fall before the sleet.

AN APOSTROPHY TO THE STARS.

Yon starry concave I behold
Of blazing spheres and harmless flame,
With twinkling beams of shining gold,
Creation's Author to proclaim.

Thy plunging rays now swiftly fall
Bright as the bronzy close of day,
From chambers of thy sparkling wall
As I their pathless realms survey.

What heavenly landscapes lie concealed
Beyond thy starlit golden shores,
That angels have in part revealed
By whispers through thy open doors.

But O how wanting is my gaze
To reach thy inner deeps unknown,
Through systems by mysterious ways
Which lead to God's eternal throne.

THE STARS AND GENIUS.

Distance lends to greater stars a paler hue
Than nearer ones that are more plainly seen,
So we to genius greater faults impute
Than lesser worth, that distance helps to screen.

The brightest gems lie in the deepest sea
Embosomed beneath the fiercely rolling tide,
So greatest worth will never here be known
If struggling 'gainst the wanton shams of pride.

Yet as the stars, whose lustre distance hides,
Forever shine in all their endless spheres,
So genius will with deeper splendor glow
Through all the cycles of the speeding years.

TO THE MEMORY OF JUDGE SAM RYAN.

If he has gone his soul abides
Now with us here,
In thoughts that ring across the tides
Still now more dear.

His tired feet have found a rest
From toiling free,
If nevermore this side the crest
His face we see.

Though oft with pain and grief we pause
To hear his voice,
He's paid the debt to Nature's laws,
With him rejoice.

The triumphs of his active life
Are known to fame,
And left to live above its strife
An honored name.

EXHORTATIONS.

There's danger in thy present state,
Dread dangers fraught with threatened woes,
Rise then each race, exalt thyself,
You'll reap the fruits that you may sow.

God, assimilation here forbids
Save in intelligence of mind,
Where the fittest will survive
And rule the black or white if blind.

THE TRUE MAN.

His heart is pure,
His soul is strong,
He's always true
Nor fears a wrong.
All that he claims

Will be his due.
His judgment clear
And just and true.

THAT TROUBLED THOUGHT.

When worry begins
Over errors or sins
'Tis nonsense and folly at best
To fret and to pine,
Or mope and repine,
'Twill only add pangs to the rest.

Then try to add more
To good you've in store
By trying and doing your best.
Make winter like May,
If your hair's turned gray,
For laughing, not grieving, brings rest.

You can't pay a debt
If this you neglect.
Make doing and laughing a test,
And fortune will smile
On you kindly the while
And grant all that is for the best.

O WORLD!

O world where is thy gain,
When one here sees so little
Yet feels so much thy pain?

THE GREED FOR GOLD.

If this known truth the world would own
Injustice is now Satan's throne,
The thirst for gold and greed for gain
Would cease, and save it half its pain.

Ambition shackles truthful hearts
And plays the fiend with its arts,
Trampling justice in its train
With its wild thirst and greed for gain.

The toiler would his harvest own
And right, not might, would rule the throne,
And war and hatred end its reign
And cease their greed and thirst for gain.

While truth and love, with better part
Here hand in hand would join with art;
And pride with unassuming stride
With joy would walk by virtue's side.

NATURE AND MIND.

The last rays of twilight
Had faded from view,
Revealing bright stars
In their concaves of blue.

The bloom of the roses
Had perfumed the air,
All nature responsive
Was peaceful and fair.

Yet nature prove restless
If left here alone,
Unshared in its beauty
Nor presence to own;

And reap of the harvest
Its bounty prepares,
And share of its gladness,
Its toiling and cares.

Unless all her creatures
Her beauties survey,
And gather the fruits
If unused would decay.

So mind like a garden,
Untutored, unfed,
Supinely and listless
Will lie 'till 'tis dead.

Our lives are like the star paved heavens,—rising
higher and higher, forever and ever.

DO WELL YOUR PART.

Only do well here your part,
'Twill end well, and well 'twill start.

IS AND EVER IS TO BE.

I am glad of life's endowments,
If mine is a meager share,
For I wonton oft with pleasure
If I'm threatened with despair.

If I'm down life's river going,
With my lifeboat in the flow,
While I watch the currents ever
As I half unconscious row,

Asking what I am and whence I,
As I on my journey go,
Knowing not to where, or hence,
Only that I am I know.

If these are vain and idle thoughts
They have rung adown the ages,
Written deep in human life,
And stamped on all its pages.

THE SIBERIAN EXILE.

The chieftain gazed with flashing eyes,
Bright with their fearless flame,
As with the patriot's dying sighs
He whispered freedom's name.
There, chained beneath the starlit sky,
He gave his last faint plaintive cry.

"Shall empires live when freedom dies,
On Linden hills of snow,
And slavery curse the Russian skies,
There with its bloodstained glow;
And tyrants spread their sombre pall
Where dying freemen thankless fall?"

No loving eyes with tender beams
Watched o'er the exile's rest,
As far from off the icy sheen
The cold winds kissed his breast
There, sadly 'neath the starry dome
He dreamed of native land and home.

The pale stars shone with paler beams
Upon the dying slave,
As raving in his nightly dreams
Chained in his felon's grave;
While ghoulish phantoms passing by
In triumph mocked his dying cry.

He cursed the dastard tyrant hordes
And wrenched his grating chains,
As stabbed him with their sharpened swords,
He fell with cries of pain;
And there beneath the polar skies
The stricken heart of freedom lies.

From Caspia's rosy breath there came
A voice across the sea
That woke the bleak Siberian plain
With Anthems of the free;
While down upon the glistening snow
The moon shone with her crimson glow.

The exile laid with drowsy eyes;
Grief reveled in his breast;
The breezes with their pensive sighs
His grizzled locks had cleft,
As hushed his freedom loving breath
Upon that friendly bed of death.

No more shall pangs from plunging steel
E'er rouse his drooping head;
Nor music heed from martial peals;
Nor tears for freedom shed;
For radiant in the hazy west
The sun sets o'er his lifeless breast.

TO A SMILING BEAUTY.

Now I see deception's cover
Long has veiled thy heart from me;
Had I known thy baseness sooner,—
Baseness now so plain to see.

If the plotting heart within thee,
Stung with unrequited pride,
Could have felt the wrong it done me,
Quickly would that heart have died.

Now your coward heart, exultant
In its inward baseness born,
Little thinks that yet repentant
It shall wither 'neath my scorn.

Envy dies when 'tis defeated
In its own deep-woven snare,
And it shrinks from those it cheated
In its loathsome, dread despair.

Now your sin-cursed soul enthralling
With the pangs so just its due,
Wears the shackles that are galling
To a sin-cursed wretch like you.

Could you know how once I loved you,
Ne'er half equalled by my hate,
Then repentance might have saved you,
But—repentance is too late.

Cursed thy deeds are, 'bove repeating,
Deeds you wish were hidden now,
But to God, who has their keeping,
You shall yet submissive bow.

You will sometime feel the sorrow
That despair alone can teach,
O'er the woes you'll daily borrow
Still eternal they shall reach.

Once I own, I proudly claimed you
All a trusting heart could paint,
But thy pirate heart has changed you
To a devil, from a saint.

Yet I leave you not in gladness;
'Tis with feelings 'kin to pain,
Mingled with an unfeigned sadness
That is tempered with disdain.

With that smile with which you've blighted
Honor, friendship, love and trust,
With the vows you once here plighted
But have trampled in the dust,

Home itself you've cursed with treason,
Blindly by your passions led;
Every noble thought or reason
In your selfish heart is dead.

Now your eyes so soulless glisten
With a vacant, listless stare,
If, while smiling yet you listen
'Tis the look born of despair.

Soon, thy lustful carcass yielding
To corruption's loathsome mass,
And the dung-worms will be feeding
Where no human step shall pass.

Then thy sinful soul shall suffer
What no mortal tongue can tell,
Sunk with deeds you'd gladly cover
In the deepest, darkest hell.

Like Castor's burning, dancing eyes,
Man's schemes are hard to follow,
They're hid so deeply in the shade,
Of Pluto's smoking hollow!

Yet, deep as are the devil's plans,
And frequent his successes,
They're punctured by the laws of right,
He daily here transgresses!

Wrong ten-thousand times succeeding,
In time will find correction,
Tho' often, long, it hides away,
Behind its gross deception!

Justice, surely, will 'venge itself,
On those who live by plunder,
Tho' counted as the world-wise Kings,
And legions be their number!

TO MRS. R. L. D. NICKERSON.

Another year of harvest wisely stored
And friendship pays it's tribute to your worth,
As free as in your girlhoods early morn
To celebrate the mem'ry of your birth.

Nature unsparing with its gen'rous gifts
Has lent new grace to crown your modest pride;
For, to your virtues a monument she'll rise
Of truth, and love, eternal, side by side.

This day made glad by hopes of its return
To sanctify the mem'ry of the deeds
Of one who was to selfishness no slave
With soul too great to be the dupe of creeds.

Accept this humble off'ring of respect
From those to whom your virtues have been known
As to your life in retrospect they turned
While on its peaceful currents here have flown.

May we again oft gather at thy board
In festal mood with hearts to friendship true
And pray to Him who holds the keys of life
To kindly long your speeding years renew.

POVERTY OF HEART.

These, are burning thoughts that master,
All the phantasies of hope;
Heard so plainly, yet a whisper,
Having an eternal scope.

Truth will live! and live forever;
Too, will life itself decide,
And its light will darkness sever,
If to orion 'tis allied.

How my poverty now quickens;
Longing, longing for the gain,
In the fearful thought that thickens;
Poverty of heart and brain.

In which dark and frightful shadows,
Rising up in multiform,
Leave a sense of deeper sorrows,
Breaking, like a thunder-storm.

Heaven, grant me this petition,
In my poverty and fear;
Teach my heart by intuition,
'Till thy oracles I hear.

DECEPTIVE TEARS.

There was a tear fell from her eyes,
Altho' her face was smiling,

And yet, it was deceptions glance,
And failed of its beguiling.

If time has placed beyond recall,
The look that's gone forever,
I never can forget the smile,
It will live on, forever!

Yet never! can it in my heart,
Save, but distress awaken!
For, in fact, to tell the truth,
My faith in her was shaken.

For never yet, did "Beauty's smile,"
Conceal so gross deception,
It would attempt here to deceive,
Its object of affection.

JACK'S MISSION.

Pray, O Jack! my nose is freezing,
Drop a sun-beam on my head.
"Shut your mouth, and stop your sneezing,
Don't you know that summer's fled?"

Then away, with ice-wings flew he,
Silver laden, bright and clear,
Singing as he flew then by me,
To the South-land's warmer sphere.

Gathering germs of death and sickness,
Crushed them neath his icy feet;
Cooling fevered brows with quickness,
Flying on with snow and sleet.

Truth then flashed across my vision;
Jack was sent, an angel here,
With the North Winds, on a mission,
If his locks are cold and sear.

Soon the falling rain and sun-light,
Wove a crescent round his brow,

As he vanished through the moon-light,
Back to Ice-land, then, I trow.

Thus I learned the God of Nature,
Had this healing angel sent,
Though if fierce of grasp and feature,
On love's sacred mission bent.

TO MISS B.—

I know of your displeasure,
At suggestions which I make,
And think that I am sleeping,
While the world is wide awake;

All from lack of thinking,
With a blinded foggy's brain,
Why I can't believe as you do,
When you make it all so plain!

Tho' if, often, I have wondered,
At the isms newly born;
Yet, a Gnat has never proven
That it was a Unicorn:

And if here, I have been puzzled,
At the wisdom of your say,
I cannot quite believe it,
If I know it is your way?

While yielding much concession,
To the change of circumstance,
Yet, if, 'tis want of knowledge,
I must always take my chance;

Tho' with gibs of reprobation,
That might fright a modern Czeck,
From a senseless superstition
That engulphs me to the neck.

You may disprove my boldness,
So unlike Sir Galahad:

But pray to keep your patience,
If, in fact, I am so bad ;

I'm only bone and muscle,
That can hold my tongue in check,
With so little store of wisdom,
'Twill not change at human beck !

If your amenuensis,
Should not write me down as coarse,
Remember, there are changes
Often, on the street and Bourse ;

If quickly, now my household,
Is shaken, up and down,
Replaced by mental science,
'Twill not draw from me a frown.

I believe in a hereafter,
In an unknown state, called death !
No way of man evading
Drawing now a vital breath !

As sure as leaves when falling,
By the ice king's frosty wing,
'Twill crown the naked branches,
Of the wakened trees in spring.

I own good-cheer, and gladness,
Is, now, Nature's priceless boon,
That noon-day is not darkness,
Nor is midnight light as noon ;

I know that science clearly,
Has discovered mental laws,
And that every change that happens,
Has within itself the cause.

It proves that evolution,
Both of matter and of mind,
Bespeakes of new advancement,
As by Nature 'twas designed ;

Dispersing all the errors,
That are woven into thought,

'Till temples built on reason,
Are by God thro' nature wrought.

'Till with perfected being,
If in seeming 'tis in vain,
That God permitted evil,
Here to breed its grief and pain!

But, only think that winter,
Brings its measure here of good,
As well as, gentle summer,
When its laws are understood!

Again I ask your pardon,
For my unseemly jest'
And pray that strength be given,
To make the truth my quest;

Yet 'spite of all the gladness,
That has fallen to your way,
I cannot quite believe it,
Tho' I,m pleased at what you say!

If half my sense is smothered,
By the prejudice of sect,
The other half, careering,
Has too, failed to keep it checked;

And if you take it silly,
Or may laught at what I say,
Your theories are failures,
In the light of truth today!

For 'tis to man appointed,
That he surely once shall die,
By the laws which give him being,
Life's laws, to you and I;

Till the atmosphere of Heav'n,
All intelligence has breathed,
Then will re-incarnation,
Bring nō body that's diseased.

This Kingdom is within the soul,
In upward march of mind,
Devoid of lust, of greed and pow'r,
A living soul to bind?

A LATE DISCOVERY.

Ah, me! her face of girlish mirth,
Must had its sweetness from its birth;
Though late it was discovered,
Like pearls found on an ocean strand,
Half hidden by the shining sand,
The drifting sea-foam covered.

The magic of her winsome look,
Like music of a running brook,
Had living inspiration,
And left the wounds of Cupid's dart,
In my sad, regretful heart,
Outliving its duration.

But O! Ah me, how strange its pranks,
The heritage of wildest cranks,
That are the slaves of women,
Yet are to other hearts than mine,
Charmed by a face that seem'd divine,
Have proved a sadful omen.

The wounded passions left to burn,
Like torture of a sharpened thorn,
Without exaggeration;
To well nigh cause my heart to break,
If 'twas not a dreamy fake,
Of my imagination.

THE VICTORY OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.

The ultimate of Christian faith,
Assures the brotherhood of man;
Built on foundations of the truth,
According to Jehovah's plan.

However deep the canyon's gorge,
Where madding passion's swiftly run,
Or cruel its malignant streams,
They calmly will unite in one.

The humanizing force at work,
Though often with a tragic hand,
Will purify the human heart,
And mine the gold from rock and strand.

Opression for industrial gain,
With all its selfishness and pow'r,
Will weave its own grim winding sheet,
And fall ignoble in an hour.

If with attempted comic smile,
And wild, melo-dramatic mirth,
'Twill vanish as its author, Cain,
A Recre'nt of untimely birth.

The healing force of Christ-like love,
Will crush the selfishness of Art,
And its preponderate pow'r will fill,
With deeper joy the human heart.

HARD SCRABLE'S COMPLAINT.

The yearly round of pinch has come,
Of milk, of meat and bread,
And now my needed store is short,
My cows are poorly fed.

The taxes, too, have to be paid,
And winter clothes be bought,
With debts to pay and overdue,
That leaves a scanty lot.

The hens don't lay a single egg,
With not a dime in sight,
And now it is so freezing cold,
Their combs are frozen white.

The children, too, are lacking shoes,
To make the things look worse,
And doctor bills are hard to pay
Out of any empty purse.

I know that I am not to blame,
And yet the pinch comes round,
And every time I feel the nip,
I think I'll till more ground.

They call this old Hard-Scrabble's farm,
And laugh when I am short,
Yet they may laugh, I do not care,
I'll have my outings out.

TO WYODENE.

In yonder bourn of mountain shade,
The fragrant roses bloom and grow.
To crown the earth where now is laid
Unharm'd her form by rain or snow.

Strangers will often pass this way
By whom her virtues will be told,
And twilight breezes chant their lay
To her beneath the bloom and mould.

Her parents, too, will come at eve,
With grief her sacred mound to view,
While sadly in their hearts they grieve,
And with their tears the flowers bedew.

Here friendship's swollen eyes with tears
Will in their sorrows mournful weep.
While they will throu' their lonely years,
Here long their painful vigils keep.

The stars will long and brightly shine
Above her fair unpillow'd head,
Yet ne'er believe her soul divine
Lies silent here asleep and dead.

The parting ties and blissful dream
Entombed with her, so lowly laid,
Will ne'er disperse the golden beam
That lights the darkness of its shade.

For mem'ry long will linger here
Twining its wreath of love to lay
Upon the rose-bloom 'bove her bier,
Fanned by the breath of ocean spray.

No echo of the clam'rous wave
That beats against the Harbor's breast,
Disturbs her in her flowery grave,
There in her silent hillside rest.

Her bright and beaming sunlit face
With heart rays of glory fill.
For she, robed with immortal grace,
Thro' heaven and earth now roams at will.

The sun in daily rounds will set
O'er changes of the varying scene;
Yet ne'er in memory we'll forget
Our dearest, darling Wyodene.

CORA WILLIAMS.

This incident occurred on Decoration Day at Shiocton. A little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Williams observing that many neglected graves had no flowers, she procured all she could and kneeling by these unknown graves, whispering a silent prayer. It is said that strong men and women stood in solemn silence, many shedding tears at sight of this sweet child in her devotions.

Trembling breezes drifted softly
In the May-time sunlit sky,
And the breath of perfumed flowers
With the winds were passing by.

Loving hands, carnations planted
To the mem'ry of their dead,

Save to those unknown, neglected,
For whom no tears were shed.

Yet, one infant form was bending,
O'er the unknown sleepers there,
As she from her store of treasures,
Laid, for each, a tear-stained share.

While her winsome, waving tresses,
With their shim'ring golden haze,
Hid the love and sweetness beaming,
In her tender, saintly gaze.

Men with iron wills stood mutely
By the kneeling form they saw;
Women's tender hearts were melted,
With a holy, reverent awe.

Friends and strangers, kneeling by her,
With her upturned tearful brow,
Whispered with the spirit's whisper,
Darling, angel, bless thee now.

Startled throngs, with joy and wonder,
A new song of gladness sang,
And the watching angles, waiting,
Joined the chorus as it rang.

While the aims of life rose higher,
Where that earth-born angel stood;
For each human heart beat stronger
With new purposes of good.

FROM WHOM THE THOUGHTS.

From whom the thoughts, that are both yours and mine?
Veiled deep in mist, as is the April moon,
While on they pass, unseen, at night's dark noon;
Or, waiting, with the evening stars, to twine
With gladness, round my anxious soul and thine!
Awakening strains of music in each heart;

Vibrated back, with raptu'rs dreams of peace!

And then are gone, from mem'ry ne'er to cease,
Upon life's endless waves, tho' worlds apart?
The new tomorrows that will come and go;

With scattered day-dreams, by us now held dear,
Tho' love's losses upon each cheek appear,

If seen thro' veils of gladness, or of woe!
In morrows, yet, we each shall ever know,

That lull to rest, or wake with visioned fear,
From impress of the romance of the past!

'Tween us and which, the night is setting fast,
That brings no sorrow which can claim a tear!

I'M TIRED OF FRETTING.

I am tired of all this fretting,
Over what is, or is to be;
Yes, tired and weary of setting
The time when 'twill cease with me.

For my worry is over tomorrow,
And not of the things of today;
It is over the troubles I borrow,
That makes of my heart now its prey.

Yes, sick of the talking and scheming,
Though you may be planning as I;
'Tis a frivolous, senseless, dreaming.
Believing in half that's a lie.

Yet carries me outward, and onward,
Like a child that's busy at play;
Running, hither and thither, and forward,
Not knowing for what, or the way.

This fretting and strug'ling for riches,
When we know they cannot endure;
The heart, and the soul, so bewitches,
With the dread we feel to be poor.

Yet, I know it makes me a pauper,
This looking for more and for more;

Which brings to my heart only torture,
That's never once felt by the poor.

Then away with the bustle and wrangle,
Of riches, if now all the rage;
Away with the rustle and tangle,
Of a fast unreasoning age.

Seek, the gladness, God-given, today,
That, something you know cannot die;
And drive all your worry away,
For I know it is half a lie.

THE TRUE GOLD.

Of my own thought I am ashamed,
For worshipping the golden past;
While present goodness I might claimed
Far more than yet I've ever asked.

Why should my oft reverted eyes
Turn backward with an eager gaze;
Or future with its boundless skies
Of endless reach and empty haze.

The tender bud before the flow'r
Had all its richest perfumes sown;
While fullness of its ripened pow'r
Its latest, sweetest, bloom could own.

Why should I then with plaintive thought
Grieve at the daily deeds of men,
Or mourn o'er aught that they have wrought
When they're the best that's ever been.

I reap of that which I have sown,
From soil prepared by fool and sage,
And yet my thought must be my own,
Drawn from life's dark or fairest page.

There is no morrow to my soul,
Today will be forever mine,

Then let its light my heart control,
If darkly it or lucent shine.

The riches that surround me now
In haste I quickly should secure,
While deeper still for truth I pray,
For gold that will through change endure.

GIVE YOUR BEST ENDEAVOR.

If effort has not brought reward
Don't think that 'twill not never;
God controls his own award,
Then give your best endeavor.

If you've often been defeated
Do not count it all as dross;
Right of right was never cheated,
Effort brings more gain than loss.

If waiting oft provokes defeat
Or delays invite distrust,
A nobler effort then repeat
Right is right and win it must.

Wait with patience working trying
If you find it God's behest—
Some wise purpose underlying;
For what is, is for the best,

The bravest hearts don't always win
Judging from our human view,
Yet bravest they have ever been
Who in doing bravely do.

Then O, my soul, dream not of pain,
No never, never, never!
Each life of toil is full of gain,
Then hush my fears forever.

THE INSTABILITY OF TIME.

Here in our youth how swift the moments fly,
And ere we know it, they have pass'd us by.
'Tis then we clothe with quaint illusive rhyme
Our past enjoyments with the present time.

As the bright glow from phosphorescent bark,
Whose beauty is only seen save in the dark.
So affections cling fondest round the heart
For those we love the most when we must part.

Yet, if this sweetest source of pleasure fail,
We need not then its seeming loss bewail.
For nature has a bounty here supplied
As mem'ry does her kindred joys provide.

MY SECRET.

There is something in my keeping
Which I do not care to speak;
Something unexplained by reason,
With its mystery so deep.

Something that the builder gave me,
When he fashioned here my mind.
Yet I know not all its meaning,
Nor solution can I find.

Tho' so frail I always tremble,
Lest its keeping I might lose.
Yet at loss I am here ever
What that something is to prove.

Reader you now surely have it,
Just the same as I do mine,
Tho' I never ask you for it,
Neither can I lend me thine.

Kings and beggars all the same,
Do each alike inherit,
Yet none can claim it as his own,
Or count is as a merit.

Tho' we live and learn my neighbor
It will never be revealed.
Did you ever think in keeping
You had something so concealed?

Now, o'er this something none can keep,
You and I must have no strife,
While I whisper you the secret,
Don't you answer human life.

LET ME TAKE 'OOR GLASSES GANPA.

"Ganpa, let me take 'oor glasses,
An' I'll 'ook up in 'er skies,
An' I'll t'y an' find 'er bosses,
An' th' bear with big b'ack eyes."

I slowly closed the open page
And kiss'd his sweet rosy cheeks,
'Till louder then my infant sage
In his childish wisdom speaks.

"I'll 'ook up in 'er milky way
For the tows must be as'leep,
An' Ganpa who dus give 'em hay,
An' who dus the bossies keep."

"There, there! for they 'av lit th' light!
Quick! Quick! for da'll go to bed!
For now I dess da tink it night.
Can 'oo see a bossie's head?"

"Dare! dare! I tan!" with clasping hands,
Rattling with his baby tongue,
In childish glee 'bout starry lands,
Up there, way beyond the sun.

Who lit the lights he wildly cried?
Dancing with his childish head.
"See dare! dare! where de bossies lied,
Ganpa, are de bossies dead?"

I gazed then at the starry fold,
Far off in the endless deep,
And pray'd my boy with head of gold
The God of the stars would keep.

THE EMPRESS OF THE SEAS.

Most gracious Queen, fair Empress of the seas,
Brittania shall never fall,
Columbia's prayers shall loud on every breeze
For thy protection call

'Gainst Arab clans and brutish Tartar hordes,
Or vile internicine foes,
While millions wait now thy sovereign words
To deal the Slav his deadly blows.

Loyal beats now every Christian heart
Afar throughout thy circling clime.
And no wide seas thy trusted sons can part.
Strike! Empress strike! 'tis now thy time.

The tyrant that would all mankind oppress
With thralldom of his fruitless years,
The growling fiend polar bear repress
And rid the burden'd world of tears.

Strike! Albion strike! loyal to thy name.
'Tis Saxon blood thy sons inspire,
Columbia's caught the glinting of the flame,
Now lustrous with its native fire.

Drive back the brutal hordes far to their haunts.
Hush the cold stream of discontent,
Joined heart to heart now with our kindred wants,
Columbia does their wrongs resent.

THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

Queried have I all the morning.
Sleepless, too, was all the night,
Asking, asking, still unanswered,
Am I, Oh! tell me, am I right?

Shall I crush the hand which struck me
Such a heart benumbing blow,
While the tears repress'd are falling,
Will you tell me, yes or no?

Fiercely rising is the impulse,
Born of passions angry throes,
'Till the all absorbing feeling,
That a wounded heart but knows,

Bids me turn upon the slayer
Who has caused my bitter woe,
Yet an angel kindly whispers
To my spirit, never, no!

'Tis an asp among the roses,
Bound by friendship's golden chain,
Hidden by the film of malice,
Causes my undying pain.

And me thinks 'twere right to slay it,
For my heart is burning so;
Yet, an angel kindly whispers
To my spirit, never, no!

Wrong on wrongs, by wrongs inflicted,
Tendered with a vicious smile,
'Till my heart seems dead and frozen
By false friendships wasting guile;

Then 'twould seem a holy purpose
Rising from the deadly blow,
Bids me rise and slay the slayer,
But my spirit answers no!

Through the long night lone and sleepless,
Moved by passion's burning flame,
With my heart more deeply bleeding,
Coming, going all the same;

Then, that vengeful thought arises,
As I deeply feel the blow,
But my guardian angel whispers
Never, never, never, no!

O poor human heart how blindly
God's own purpose thou dost dare!
Here, when thou should uncomplaining
All thy fitful suff'rings bear;

Yet, again more painful fretting,
Sinking deeper is the steel,
And I can't repress the anguish
Now that in my soul I feel.

Yet a half reproachful murmur
From my heart aches will arise,
Till a woe begotten shadow
Swiftly passes by my eyes,

With a look so sad remorseful,
That I tremble at its pain;
For I see the hand that struck me
By its own remorse is slain.

Then to me the angles whisper
As the shadow reached the grave,
Would you have revenge your master
And be cursed like him its slave?

When they kiss'd my lips and left me
With the fleetness of a dove;
While I thanked the holy angels
For her message and her love.

THE ONLY ONE LEFT IS JOE.

I have been looking aback boys,
For the mist has fallen away
That hangs o'er the ways of life boys
Since the days of frolic and play
We ran over the hills with glee boys,
And of us all I used to know
The only one left is Joe.

Now give me aback again boys,
Life's spring with its bloom and flowers,

And the harvest time with glee boys;
With its noonday gladsome hours,
For they were so full of hope boys,
I hardly think it is so
The only one left is Joe.

The school and the battlefields boys,
With the vict'ries won at play,
As over the forts of snow boys,
Or by the snow guns held at bay,
While swinging our hats with glee boys,
I can hardly think 'tis so
That the only one left is Joe.

They have all come back again boys,
And the loved and the lost are here,
While my heart seems young again boys,
O'erbrimed with the hopes and the cheer
We had in those olden days boys,
And I hardly think 'tis so
Now the only one left is Joe.

Yes, I remember the days boys
When each one went out in his way
To gather the sheaves of life boys,
And of some that went far astray,
But gathered e'er this to rest boys,
Yet can it be truly so
Now the only one left is Joe.

Now I am gazing aback boys
To changes I've met in my way,
With steps unsteady and weak boys,
And my head is so white and grey,
A change is nearing my feet boys,
And I am certain I know
There'll be no one left, not Joe.

THE REMORSE OF ILLTEMPER.

Tho' I've sometimes said in rashness
That thy heart was never true,
But my heart then soon regretful
Owned the wrong it done to you.

Sometimes I have in my anger
Cursed thee with a fearful curse,
But when reason came to rule me,
Cursed the thought which gave it birth.

Sometimes in a thoughtless moment
When you've said some hasty thing,
I have yielded to my passions
Through the keenness of its sting.

When again by chance I've met you
And the heartache died away,
I have prayed to be forgiven
As I gladly would today.

Tho' I own a pang may linger
Where love used to rule supreme,
Yet I pledge my heart hereafter
All its rashness to redeem.

Now I see the wrong I done thee,
Rather that I done myself,
Then I shrink tho' I have done it
In my very shame from self.

GONE, GONE!

Gone, gone! and he would gladly staid
If I had only spoken
The words that then so lightly laid
Upon my heart now broken.

O foolish pride, deserving shame,
Unheard is now thy pleading,
His frozen heart I can't reclaim,
For it is dead to feeling.

And I this pain alone must bear,
With my dear bought repentance,
That my poor foolish heart might share
A moment's brief indulgence.

To see his manly face turn pale,
Then flush again to crimson,
That I'm seeming just might rail
In senseless cold derision.

O hapless fate, to thee I'm chained,
From his stern look recoiling,
With mem'ry of my heart so pained,
So deathlike and destroying.

Now all my dreams of life are crush'd,
Yet he can never know it,
Nor yet how deeply I am cursed,
Nor, e'en how much I rue it.

Gone, gone! the hateful cants repeat
Till in my life is woven
The anguish of its own defeat
By long repentance proven.

O would that I ere sense pride
Had broke my life's sweet peaceful stream,
But ah me! I should have died
If this had not been but a dream.

THE AFFINITY OF SOULS.

What mystic thread of passion strung
Between thy loyal heart and mine;
Re-echoes with the notes it sung
In old rememb'rance now of thine?

Its melodies so sweet to me
Was hymm'd with love 'twould seem must last,
But 'twould be better not to be
Than know it was forever past.

O, do'st thou know that thou art cleft
From all that loving life apart,
And still to him so lonely left
Dost yearn to soothe his aching heart?

Canst thou entombed beneath the wave
Of death's destructive, hopeless lot,
Return here from the loathsome grave
To meet me with one loving thought?

Canst thou from o'er that desert shore
Above its breaking tempests rise,
And meet me as thou hast before
Save but the spectre of disguise?

Canst thou through realms of endless space,
Where countless suns forever burn,
With radiance beaming from thy face
Again to me with love return?

I feel the sluggish pulse of life,
Now quickened with thy holy touch,
And dost thou now survive the strife
And feel for me as much?

What message o'er that darkened void
To which my mortal eyes can see,
Hast thou in faintest whisper'd heard
And told the angels 'twas from me.

I know not, yet I truly know,
It is the converse of the soul,
From that far world to this below,
O'er which God gives to love control.

THE SILENT NIGHT.

'Tis night, 'tis night, the silent night,
I'm gazing round with wonder,
At yonder stars in endless flight
Above the world in slumber.

'Tis night, 'tis night, the silent night,
The weary world is sleeping,
While fond true hearts dream with delight,
And loyally are beating.

'Tis night, 'tis night, the silent night,
With worlds above me shining,
Down on the snow, with lamps of light,
From fields of silver lining.

'Tis night, 'tis night, the silent night,
And millions now are weeping,
Yet God beholds, with ceaseless sight,
And has them in his keeping.

'Tis night, 'tis night, the silent night,
Its voice to us is speaking,
Prepare the sheaves with royal might
God's angels now are reaping.

AUTUMN.

Now Autumn with her yellow hood
Has changed the summer green to brown,
And sullen rules where she then stood
With chill November's surly frown.

While summer with her virgin face
Hides in the sombre purple shade
And yearning with her tender grace
To kiss the frosty, jeweled glade.

She turns with an approving smile
To frolic with the sporting leaves,
Or half reluctant strays the while
Among the leafless swaying trees.

Or southward flies to fairer climes
Beyond the hills of frost and snow,
Where brooklets sing their drowsy rhymes
And breezes sweet with fragrance blow.

Thus, too, when cares my heart besieged,
I've oft relieved the tortured mind
By fleeing to some favorite mead
Where friendship did its kinship find.

I then this lesson well may learn,
When trouble rends my heart and head,
That creature care to which I turn
Ne'er yet my path to pleasure led.

If autumn with its surfeit cries,
More blades to blight and rills to bind,
Love will like summer's peaceful skies
Allays the troubles of the mind.

For life with all its seeming woes
May oft be dress'd in autumn's gloom
And yet beyond the autumn's snows
Lies sweet perpetual bloom.

MY FRIEND.

If for the want of some better employment
I've foolishly murdered one moment for you,
Pleasure so poor to be grudged its enjoyment,
I can hardly think, My Dear Sir, to be true.

You doubtless will say he's a little now off!
Swimming a current he never can buffet,
But go to old Styx, and while drinking your quaff
You'll see yourself then reflected a mullet.

A giant would hardly thus muddle his brains
When so soon he in Lethe's sweet waters could drink
So don't fret at the 'bore, nor yet at your pains,
You'll forget his coming while taking your drink.

The sight of a bigot is surely enough
If sadly I find such a creature in you,
To own that I see it, I own it is tough,
And yet, if it is so, some merit's your due. •

A heart made so narrow a vision so blind
No broad superstructure can ever create
Yet God forgive if one thought in my mind
Unwilling should give place now to hate.

TO RIDE ON PEGASUS.

If all the vexations and troubl'es I meet
Might readily crush the most radical saint,
In this consolation there's something that's sweet,
No pleasures I purchased by making complaint.

Though vixicon and hades may their colloques hold
And open their gauntlets of terror may be
With their shafts wrought to burn, and tongues that are
cold,
It can never dissever this blessings from me.

In tempest of passions and worry of hearts
There's something that's never congenial I know,
Yet happiness comes if dissembling in part
To laugh at the bitter and let the world go.

To be a Cyclops and ride on Pegasus
No doubt would be pleasure that one would enjoy,
But riding a sledge, with trouble to drag us,
Would need be quaint wisdom to own it a joy.

Hurrah! for the song that lightens my trouble,
Hurrah! for my nag that with wings never flew;
Nor yet work single, nor even draw double,
Nor e'en in his life time a load ever drew.

Hurrah! for the heart that contentment has found,
For heads that on pillows of stone soundly sleep
And fearlessly rest in the storm's wildest sound,
With the laughter that laughs when the grumblers
weep.

THE GOLDEN CHALICE.

Many worthless treasures sought we
Fondly in our hearts to nurse,
That we once esteemed as riches
Which ever after proved a curse.

Selfishness and morbid passion,
Lust ill-tempered joined to creeds,
With ten thousand nameless nothings,
Never one that meets our needs.

Kindled by their moral presence
That consume us with their fire,
Following with a wild disorder
Consequences dread and dire.

Worshiping but self, our idol,
Cruel, selfish, insincere;
Making self the slain and slayer,
Both to perish on one bier.

Deep the Corsair thrusts we've suffered,
Vainly seeking chance for flight,
As these demons round us fluttered
Shutting out the rays of light.

Frightened by the incantations,
Making jargon clouds of dust,
Crowning failure of the harvest
Wherein once we thought to trust.

But there rose a chaplet radi'nt,
Which to life new brilliance brought,
And our idols quickly vanished
As our dreams had, into naught.

Wider, wider, grew its circle;
Brighter burned its beams of light;
Rose a cry above the tumult,—
Worship God! seek truth and right.

THE MELODIES OF NATURE.

Harps of waves and summer breezes
Sweetly mingle in my ears;
Songs of stars and wild bird voices
Hushing my imagined fears.

Rythmic notes of brooks and rivers
Echo with their symphonies,
Ringing back with glad responses
In their chanting melodies.

Fragrance flung from rosy margins,
Valleys filled with sheep and kine;
Speaking of the wondrous nature
Wrought in all its works divine.

Glinting pearls with limpid beauty
Falling in the morning dews,
Forming wells of human gladness,
Gushing songs of joyful news.

Rich with wealth of untold goodness,
Singing soul-tuned prophecies;
Waking with their gladsome measure
All our hearts deep sympathies.

Greeting with a joyful greeting
Pilgrims down life's weary way;
Filling hearts with love and gladness
With their music day by day.

MY NEIGHBOR.

Last night in my fancy while roaming,
My neighbor I wandered to thee,
In hopes I might in the gloaming
Thy fairy sweet Orpheus see.

How strange the harp of thy muses
That rang in thy lodge then so clear,
Unkindly the moment refuses
To sing but one note I could hear.

Thy songs, like waves of the ocean,
Seem charmingly bless'd with the spell;
Awaking my soul with emotion
As in rapture around me they fell.

Didst thou then bid them when fleeing
Not to breathe then one note on my lyre,
And hush'd to silence the feeling
They woke with the fondest desire?

If often thy harp here reposes
At rest on thy mantle unstrung,
I'll wait near thy bow'r of roses
Again till some note they have sung.

The voices I heard in my dreaming
Must ring from some heavenly shrine;
For the ecstasy woke was a feeling
Of sweetness I know was divine.

I vainly have waited their coming,
Till dream and the music were gone;
And the thought felt when awaking
Then pierced through my heart like a thorn.

Yet God may in kindness not given
The spirit to waken my lyre;
For poets must breathe from heav'n
The power to pleasure inspire.

Why should I murmur and sorrow
If the muses their favors decline;
I'm glad the grief that I borrow
My neighbor can never be thine.

CAN SEE, YET BLIND.

Oft friendship's eyes but blindly see
The faults that reason would condemn,
While sterner judgment is more free
To point with heartless scorn to them.

Assurance, too, with pity's gaze
Oft makes approval doubly sad;
For wisdom with its wiser ways
Cannot confound the good and bad.

My truant muse in art so young,
Yet I must own to loving well;
If ne'er one hymn that thou hast sung
From Orpheus' lips has ever fell.

If fickle chance might briefly lend
Some charm of joy that it had known;
I've failed to find one honest friend
Within whose heart the truth 'twould own.

Tho' hope a moment's charm might crave,
And seemly without just offense;
Yet, reason would more kindly save
The failure of my fruitless sense.

Nor yet, in truth, can I deny
The pleasures that oft come from them;
Nor in my heart can quite rely
On what my reason may condemn.

Tho' daily now more frail appears
The scanty measure of my gain;
And yet if 'twas o'erbrim'd with tears
I'd own 'twas gladness mixed with pain.

THE FATED PHILOSOPHER.

My farm, said he, is all run down,
My fences gone to rack;
But swine like these when sold in town
Will bring the money back.

My father once this land did own
And raised good stock and grain;
But, since I drew of Brown the loan
It will not grow a cane.

Yet soon I'll have a house like Brown
And have a coach and four;
For I shall live, Sir, then in town,
With servants at my door.

You see that I have struck the vim
That is, Sir, sure to win;
And I will buy a watch and chain,
For gold will soon come in.

Here is jovial thriftless by his sty,
Sat idling time away;
And called to every passer by
That chanced to hear his say.

Thus on he ran so full of cheer
I own I felt surprise;
That one as he environed here
Should have such blinded eyes.

I paused to hear the rustic's thought
As on he went to say:
"These hogs this very day I bought
Of my near neighbor Grey."

"They are, Sir, of a special breed;
I'll be a millionaire;
For they will burrow in the mud
And will not need my care."

HOW VAIN THY WORTH.

Vain are thy gifts persuasive world,
If faith and hope are but surmise,
And man, like atoms, on is hurled
Till he is lost or, rather, dies.

If death is but the only chance
And life no more when here 'tis past!
What is the good of this brief trance
If knowing first it cannot last?

If I was but, when I was born,
Like the north-wind that sullen blows,
What is my life then but a thorn
Dead as the earth from which it grows.

Less than the roe that wand'reth free
From all the burdens that I bear,
While Nature wantons in its glee
And laughs at grief I have to share.

And still of this I'm left in doubt,
As brooding o'er my swift decay,
And as a boat that's tossed about,
No harbor has where safe to lay.

POVERTY WITH PLENTY.

He is sitting in his mansion,
With its walls bedecked with gold;
Nursing his unreas'ning passion
That has made his life so cold.

And within his heart is hunger,
That nigh borders on despair,
Brooding o'er his scanty measure
When there's fullness everywhere.

He has health, and life, and reason,
That might bring him joy 'tis true;
Yet to him, so out of season,
He still yearns for something new.

Thus he's poor, so poor with plenty,
That he has a beggar's heart;
Spurns his footman, fears his sentry,
Eking out a miser's part.

Would you live the life he's wasted,
Wasted for his worthless gains?
Be like him to sorrow fated,
Cursed with all his ceaseless pains?

Would you share with him his treasure
For the price that he has paid?
Share his joys of meager measure
That so soon to him must fade?

Pray for him, his heart-sick hunger,
If his faults you can't condone;
Pray for those whose greed for plunder
Has turned their hearts into stone.

PARMASSUS.

Beyond yon rim of rosy mist
Parmassus' lofty summits rise;
Yet flowing round its golden disc
Are deadly streams in deep disguise.

Yet firm astride Pegasus' back
Rides many a hapless foolish swain
O'er fancy's rocky narrow track,
Till they with grief and shame are slain.

Still rushing down the stream they go
With senseless dreams in swift pursuit;
Lured by ambition's wanton woe
Until their tuneless harps are mute.

Yet truant Muse thy tempting song
Shall many a hopeful heart yet slay;
That will still with its limping gong
In sad illusion chase thy lay.

For sweet will still thy whispers ring
With accents that around them fall;
Yet ah, what grief to them 'twill bring
To find thy notes to them are gall.

Up many a steep and rugged hill
I've sought in breathless haste to climb;
But what avails the human will
To one who threads the steeps of rhyme.

What nameless joys spring in the soul
Whose touch awakes the mystic lyre,
That from Appollo's temples roll
O'er many a lonely songster's pyre.

O cruel vampire, in the heart,
That grasps it with an iron hand,
Whose pains do deeper pains impart
No earthly mortal heart can stand.

Thy sweetest songs like gladsome May,
So rich with their persuasive store,
Fall doubly sad to him who may
Ne'er sing one note forevermore.

Yet sing, sing on, thou mystic myth,
My loss is but thy rightful gain;
You justly share the royal bliss
That has thy foster brother slain.

O FAIRY SYLPH.

O fairy sylph wast thou as true
As memory makes thee ever?
Or has some fated winds to you
Blasted thy sweet life forever?

Have no false thoughts, betimes renewed,
Returned with half reproving fears,
And left thy rosy cheeks bedewed
To rasp thy heart with grief and tears?

Has wealth of love,—'twas thine in youth—
Revealed by every thought and glance,
Retained its sacred pledge to truth
Despite the storms and fates of chance?

Has glimpse of years, returning fast,
The holy vows you used to prize,
Revealed a faithless love at last
And sundered all life's sweetest ties?

Ah no, methinks such treasured worth
Must still thy latest breath inspire,
And hold as sacred as at birth,
So truthful was its first desire.

No winds that changing fate can send,
By mis-chance or fortune driven,
Can e'er that hallowed mem'ry rend,
For it must be writ in Heaven.

A HAPPY HOME.

In yonder ivy covered shade
Bright happy faces now are seen,
And flowers with sweet fragrance bloom,
There 'neath their ample banks of green.

Where art and wealth with nature join
To build a peaceful happy shrine,
While I with halting gaze survey
A home so bless'd and so divine.

Where nature has her wond'rous gifts
Profusely to each one bestowed;
And wealth of heart and wealth of mind
In golden streams have freely flowed.

There love and friendship loyal meet
Without one false dissembling smile,
For culture marks each kindly face
And mirth and pleasure reign the while.

Long may their gladness rule supreme
With love and laughter dwelling there,
Without one tear to mar their joy
Or cloud of grief or sorrow share.

Some unknown pen of them may write
A tribute to their genial worth,
And save from darkness and for thee
Their names, their virtues, and their mirth.

SATAN IN NEW DRESS.

There is a hero smirk and true,
And all the world now bows to him;
He is preaching, and he's praying,
He is robbing, and he's slaying
Just to make the world now better
With his bible and a fetter,—
All for God
He plies the rod
Of his religion.

Would you know this Christian's name,
That is known so far with shame?
I will tell you, if with pain,
For they used to call it Cain,
Tho' they've changed it just for bluff,
For it read so hard and rough.
While for God
He robs and slays
For his religion.

As he sings his hymns and prays
For the bless'd millen'al days,
Here at home, or over there,
Where the Boers and Bolos are
That with blood he may baptize,
Heathens he may Christianize,
For a holy sacrifice—
To his religion.

Now the prince and president
Say his creed is excellent,
Full of glory as the sun,
Armed with Bibles and a gun;
Made immortal by his trust
In the God whom all here must,
While he cries, keep up the fight,
All but heathens know 'tis right
Here to do their Maker's will,
For the strong the weak to kill,
That the world may be made better,

By the spirit and the letter
Of his religion.

TWIN BROTHERS OF MINE.

If endeavor has proven but efforts in vain
In search of the life I now seek to find,
Yet am lost in the myth that now covers my brain,
For I find in my search that my eyes are so blind.

Yet, here, life from life now does surely appear
In the life of the tree and the man and the mind.
So my life, born of life, is to me full of cheer,
In search of that life I hope yet to find.

The sweet hidden life of this beautiful flower,
Whose sweetness so kindly now gladdens the day,
Inspiring my heart in so lonely an hour,
Cannot as its bloom ever perish away.

For each one that grows in the forest or field,
And clings to the branch of its own mother vine,
Does lessons of wisdom most graciously yield,
And in some way unknown are twin brothers of mine.

So contentment now shares with my troubles apace,
Tho' seeming at times but to scarcely exist.
No shadows, if real, it does not displace
With beams of such brightness no doubts can resist.

MY FRIEND'S OPINION.

"A little off," he blandly said,
With caustic, mystic air,
And poised aloft his pond'rous head,
This friendly wiseac'r.

He scanned each thought, then beat the time,
Wrote "plus" here, "minus" there,
Said "Bad the measure, worse the rhyme,"
My friendly wiseac'r.

"A little off, and badly mixed;
Well, well, I do declare,
I don't see how it can be fixed,"
Said friendly wiseac'r.

"But read right on, I like to hear,
Tho' I've no time to spare,
And then—the thought is not quite clear,"
Said this great wiseac'r.

"Strange one who writes as much as you
Can't make a hit somewhere,
But here nor there is merit due,"
Said this great wiseac'r.

I own a pang then through me flew
But none that pang can share,
While he talked on, "Do as I do,"
Said my friend wiseac'r.

"A little off. I can't tell why
You talk and reason fair,
But when you write, away you fly,"
Said friendly wiseac'r.

I looked at him from jib to main,
What was and was not there,
Then through my heart there stole a pain
For this great wiseac'r.

THE NEW RENAISSANCE.

Nature and Truth, bespeak a change,
Of purpose and of thought;
When knowledge, with a higher aim,
Will to the world be taught.

Commercial genius now alone,
That works for gold and gain;
Sits clothed with purple on its throne,
That's built with tears and pain.

The Knowledge that gives Commerce pow'r,
The public mind desires;
And sordid impulse rules the heart,
That greed of wealth inspires.

The evolution now of thought,
At slow evolving pace;
Moves on the higher lines of truth,
To wrong and greed displace.

The literature to raise the world,
From selfishness and lust,
Lies now beneath the jargon wheels
Of greed and passion crush'd.

Now persecution's iron hand
Awaits with burning torch;
And passion with a fiercer glance
Cries for the Order March!

While Anarchy, a scowling dupe,
A blinded fiend stands;
And waits with ready will to strike
With cruel, bloody hands.

O, Reason, haste! thy laggard steps,
And Freedom, light thy flame;
Let Justice, tempered now with love,
In Mercy truth proclaim.

That when the new Renaissance comes,
With Freedom's glorious beams;
The lion and the land will rest,
Fulfilling prophet dreams.

Then Heaven let all nations bow
Before thy throne to thee,
That angels may the truth proclaim
To make earth's children free.

WILT THOU?

Wilt Thou, O Lord, the veil remove
Between my love and me?
It will a stronger anchor prove
To draw me nearer Thee.

And do Thou ne'er my hands release
While to Thy arms I hold;
And may my faith the more increase
In Thee ten-thousand fold.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Beautiful thought, beautiful thought,
That comes through the gates ajar:
As from the angel-lips 'tis caught
Brought down by the morning star.

Beautiful thought, that softly swells
To me on the evening chime.
Then ring the bells, then ring the bells,
'Twill shorten the bridge of time.

Beautiful dream, beautiful dream,
To gladden the drowsy night;
While sweetly in the rosy beams
Adrift on the wings of light.

Beautiful thought, beautiful thought,
Coming from over the sea;
This new-made song the stars have brought
Adown from the blest to me.

Then ring the bells, then ring the bells,
Back to them over the sea,
And as the answering message swells
They'll know that it comes from me.

GRANT AND MT. MCGREGOR.

4. sacred holy fane shall be McGregor's crown,
A shrine to which reverent millions turn;
Made immortal by a hero's great renown
As slowly out his dying moments burn.

Ages unborn shall to thy temple bow
With glad remembrance of a hero's fame,
While in solitude upon thy lofty brow
It stands guardian of his honor'd name.

There 'neath gold fleck'd fields of northern lustrous skies
His pangs the pines responsive sighing morn;
The moon and stars with tender pity as he lies
Reverb'ant cry from God's celestial throne.

A nation's heart his painful sufferings share,
As pulsing on his ebbing current flies,
While each billow does some kindly message bear
Columbia's hero as he slowly dies.

Ah, more! kindred hearts of war-worn comrades weep,
And loyal to their leader sadly bow;
Or hushed in stillness their weary vigils keep,
And list'ning wait in breathless silence now

As from McGregor's fane the sad requiems ring
Their echoes, which the mourning world now hears,
While mournful on each trembling vesper wing,
There falls the tribute of a nation's tears.

PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT.

Impelled by instinct born of God,
The leaders here of thought,
Oft on their cheerless marches move
By truth and reason taught.

Yet hope inspires their languid steps
With courage as they pass,
Though hissing voices ring the while
From an unthinking mass.

The consciousness of human love
Their purpose will inspire,
Though thwarted oft by obstacles
Can never quench desire.

With reason it disperses doubt
As on the ages move,
Though if diverting lines appear
Their errors it will prove.

The impress of the progress made
Will hold the world in trance,
By reaches of its wond'rous strides
Through change of circumstance.

In unformed thought if now unborn
Its truth the world will own,
To guide man's onward destiny
In reaches yet unknown.

The impulse that is planted here
Will, with increasing sway,
Dispel the errors of the past
And end in clearer day.

The mighty energies inwrought
Within the human mind,
Here yet will forge the burning chains
To wrong and error bind.

Truth, love and liberty will reign
By strong abiding thought,
Though anti-Christ may loudly cry,
His cry will come to naught.

The righteous laws of providence
Subserving Nature's plan,
Will be the only horoscope
To lead here mortal man.

NO FANCIES OF THE MIND.

The moments quickly pass away, .
The day, too, soon is gone;
December soon will follow May
And night give place to dawn.

The cheek which wears the sweetest bloom
May, too, the soonest fade,
And thoughts which only bring us gloom
Are those we should evade.

MY COMRADS IN SUFFERING.

My heart aches, now for the sorrows
Of the poor, and the homeless here,
With no bright sunsets at evening
Nor mornings with promise of cheer.

For those now chasing the phantom
That sports on the currents of fame,
Wrecked by the fables of fortune,
So faithless, its purpose and aim.

For those on life's cliff rim'd borders
With pinions flung wide to the breeze;
To sink in the rock-bound billows
And shallows of life's stormy seas.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

Forget not his valour if telling again
Of battles he won and the enemy slain,
If his steps now are feeble—his eyes lost their fire,
His soul is still burning with martial desire.

The mem'ry of battles now lives in his heart
Recounting the deeds where he bravely took part,

Awaken'd by thoughts of their glory and fame
When then, for a moment his eyes flash with flame.

Smile not at his weakness, if sometimes 'tis seen
Repeating the story of an old battle scene,
For quickly his comrades are passing away,
Yet they will be honor'd and live on as today.

You'll soon cease to wreath with green laurels his brow,
Yet oft to his memory twine ringlets as now,
Awaking your hearts with the patriot's fire
That filled his brave soul and your own will inspire.

NEW FOUND JOY.

One half our lives we chase vain thoughts to flatter
Our imagined dreams,
Turning from joys, to ever vanish after
Crossing its unbridged streams,
We hearken to earth's gleeful songs and singers
In pain or laughter,
Not listening to the spell-bound fate that lingers
All unchanted after.

Until, unwisely, in the sunset burning
Out life's dim treasures,
We wait fearful with subtle anguish turning
Seek vainly new pleasures,
'Till frightened by shadows of our lost visions,
With faltering step we gaze,
At the strange errors of our untaught reason
Across the fading ways.

Which in our gross vanities of vanity
Help becloud the day.
Question, then, our trustfulness and sanity
Along life's blind steep way,
Fleeing from the spectral follies of the past,
Gilded with alloy,
Until we are sandalled with God's love at last
And drink its new found joy.

RETROSPECTION.

Its gladness comes still, if its brightness is clouded
Above the mad tempest of darkness and storm,
For a halo of sunshine oft leaves it enshrouded,
Revealing in glory her face and her form.

Farewell to the hopes my fancies were gilding
With roses whose bloom here will never bloom more,
If then unprofaned in my blindness when building,
And still now as then I no less will adore.

For the blush on her cheeks in its innocence smiling
With beauty, and sweetness, are ever my own,
Which ever now over the darkness is rising
With fervor as true, as when first it was known.

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW.

Now yonder field with deeper
Tints is painted
That in the lush soft grass are seen
And flow'rs with lips of
Sweeter fragrance scented
Are smiling in their beds of green.

Yesterday was clear with
Golden sunlight falling,
On honey'd lips of smiling flow'rs,
Today the raindrops on the
Roof are falling,
With gloom to fill the listless hours.

Today mem'ries swift o'er
My soul are sweeping,
With low'ring clouds more darkly cast
While thus their streams

Of falling rain are weeping,
The veering winds are driving past.

AMERICA.

God's chartered ruler thou wast made
The uncrowned child with freedom free,
To share his matchless heritage
Of love, and truth, and liberty.

In thee it was where freedom gained
The climax of a world's renown,
On seas, and shores, with liberty
Thy humbles youmen here to crown.

No tyrant arm will dare to strike
This child with freedom's love aflame,
Though envy grudges it the might
And glory of its youthful fame.

Thy muses yet with harps will sing
As sweetly as Britanias' lyre,
When Scotias favorite songster sang
Upon the braeis and banks of Ayr.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

God has awoke thy sleeping soul
As spring awakes the flow'rs,
To wing it to its heav'nly goal
With Christ's reviving power.

Thy earthly form to fade away
Its life to end in death,
My spirit life knows no decay
Nor need of mortal breath.

Though it was here in weakness sown
It now is raised in powers.

Ten thousand years will now be known
As once a fleeting hour.

“Oh! grave where is thy victory,
Oh! death where is thy sting?”
For death unveiled the mystery
Through Christ our sovereign king.

THE ESSENTIALS OF MIND.

It needs an active forceful brain
To gather food for fruitful thought,
As nitrogen to push the grain
By handiwork of Nature wrought.

To force expansion of the mind,
And utilize its unused powers,
As potash softens sand to bind
The growing grain and stems of flow'rs.

Though oft in fields of richest soil
Will lodge and fall the growing grain,
Without phosphorus aid and toil,
As will a sluggish, thoughtless brain.

That here will be like headless wheat
Or cobs that grow without the corn,
And always sure to meet defeat
Without the phosphate in it born.

Thus Nature in her wisdom here
Has kindly too, outlined the plan,
Where mind can reach the highest sphere
In the development of man.

Yet too the mind will fade away
If lacking concentrated will,
And is as sure to meet decay
As frost will here the flow'rs to kill.

WIDOW JONES.

The Widow Jones has been to town,
And now gone home a laughing,
For all the people followed her
With open mouths and gapping.

CHORUS.

The gray and blue now join the cry
For Union stars wave o'er them,
And there is glory now for all
With freedom's arm around 'em.

The Widow Jones was always kind
To all our boys with Teddy,
And even in their hardest pinch
She with her help was ready.

CHORUS.

Yes, Mother Jones has broke the wall
Between the Reb and Yankey,
And Now we own them partly right
If we were somewhat cranky.

CHORUS.

THE DECEITFULNESS OF APPEARANCES.

She's lovely with her winsome eyes,
With sparkling floss of golden jets,
Clear as the bright blue azure skies
When twilight's rosy plumage sets
Lust'rous on the closing day,
Where gems of starry splendor play.

And, too, her lips exquisite smile,
While flaws of temper she's conseal'd,
Seem flushed with sweetness all the while,
Her heart of icy flint congealed,
'Till some light word is thoughtless said
Then all her gracious smiles are dead.

And her bright eyes so full of mirth
Have changed and left their wizzard scroll,
That you believed were not of earth,
Are like the hardness of her soul,
That burns with mad and vain desire
Like oracles of raging fire.

While her sweetness now, wild in flight
Bewails more madly with despair
And her brief springtime of delight,
Her wanton coldness seems to share,
As deeper, deeper, sinks the thorn
That kills with sorrow and with scorn.

WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF THE LATE DR.
HENRY LUMMIS.

Stop stranger, view the sacred close
Where rests a holy man,
Whose virtues pillow his repose,
Thy mortal eyes may scan.

The measure of his genial worth
Is in God's records writ,
Known as a royal son of earth
By wisdom, truth, and wit.

To honor had a sovereign's claim
Of knowledge's wondrous store,
With titles to immortal fame
Yet loved his fellows more.

Then bow above this hallow'd shrine
Dear stranger stop and weep,
For angel forms unseen divine
His silent watches keep.

WENT AND BOUGHT HER BONNET.

She said with smiles yet pointed
Now, Jim is the time,
He was so disconcerted
He thought at first to climb.

She indignantly objected,
Said no sir, now, today!
As oft he had regretted
I knew he must obey.

He shyly intimated,
Tomorrow, won't it do?
She seemed more aggravated
And fierce her temper grew.

Her eyes with fury flashing
Then glistened with their fire,
That threatened such a mashing
He dare not face her fire.

Though inwardly dissenting,
Gazed at her angry face
That tears and smiles were flushing
With loveliness and grace.

He borrowed twenty dollars,
Knowing he was in it,
Then did as many others
Went and bought her bonnet.

SUGGESTED BY SEEING MY LITTLE GRAND
DAUGHTERS BAKING SAND PIES THE
DAY BEFORE STARTING TO THE
PACIFIC COAST.

Dear sweet little darlings
Baking sand for pies,
Brighter than the sunbeams
Warming up the skies.

Full of life and laughter
Busy as the bees,
Passing round the dishes
Feigning bread and cheese.

Where will they be tomorrow
Whirling far away,
Thinking of the dinner
That they had today?

Who for me can answer
Questions full of fears,
Hushing up my gladness
With a flood of tears.

They are in God's keeping
Always in his care,
Ever, every moment
With Him every where.

He will keep my treasures
Safely in his fold,
Precious little jewels
Pure as purest gold.

On the snow-kiss'd mountains
Or in oceans deep,
He will keep my darlings,
I've no cause to weep?

WILL MAN LIVE ON?

Will man live on in his despair
And gainst misfortune cope,
While every moment doom'd to share
New failures of his hope.
While deeper grows the deep unrest
That does more strongly bind,
The viper to his aching breast
With tortures for the mind?

Oh! torments that the world has curs'd
Immersed in its deciets,
Have now thy limits reached their worst
Or bade but new defeat,
Each, exceeding now the past
Accented with its woe,
Will they live on until the last
While new afflictions grow?

JIM AND I.

He always meets me with a smile
And grasps my empty hand,
While it is cold as is the rock
On which our feet may stand.

Yet his warm touch imparts to mine
A half unspoken joy,
And in my heart I wish like Jim
I was a happy boy.

Yet I have learned enviroment
Don't make a happy heart,
That Jim and I are much alike
Yet each must act his part,

THY CRUEL HEART.

Thy cruel heart but ill befits
Thy fairy loveliness of face,
Or willow'y form with softest touch
And tender sweetness of its grace.

Yet cold as Greenland's frozen breath
The pearly frosty jewels kiss,
For the veiled witch'ry of thy lips
Would freeze the proffer of a bliss.

O why can mortal virtue now
Disguise a truant heart so vile,
Whose charms can only breed a tear
If 'tis concealed beneath a smile?

May God forgive the wanton soul
That would absue its native charms
And make unworthy to unfold
Its myth of beauty in my arms.

TO HAROLD SPENCER.

Where'er thy steps may turn my boy
May fortune smile upon thy face,
And genius fill thy heart with joy,
Crowned with a wreath of manly grace.

Let not ambition's pride and cares
Make thee e'er less a man than now,
If caught within their tempting snares
Ne'er to their baneful impulse bow.

For deep beneath their blissful dreams
A viper hides within their charms,
And lures thee by their tempting beams
To crush thy heart and stay thy arms.

Yet charge me not, my youthful friend,
Oblivious to a sense of fame,
Though in oblivion I may end
Without so much as known my name.

Truth's magic power ne'er proves as false
Nor lapse of time brings it decay;
Though oft like maze of dazzling waltz
'Twill wander in its devious ways.

Its sun will set in cloudless skies
Brightened by love's eternal flame,
For yond its twilight ever lies
A crown, crowned with immortal fame.

Smile not at my ambrosial dreams
That lures in vain my rustic lyre
Tomorrow's sun may bring no beams
Nor hopes to burn with youthful fire.

Take my good will, if not my lot,
A rustic life and bootler's way,
The brightest flowers are prone to rot
And sometimes soonest to decay.

GOD MARKS THE LINE.

How true it is God marks the worth
Of all our human prayers,
For every one is judged and known
Here by the fruit it bears.

WITHOUT A CROWN.

Here lies a man of much renown
Yet few here knew his real worth,
Although he died without a crown
He was a Nero from his birth.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Led a vicarious sacrific
Before that cruel clan,
A free and holy offering
To save his fellow man.

RING BACK ACROSS THE SEA.

Man is but a wandering waif
Upon a shallow sea,
Afloat upon the drifting waves
That were, and are, to be.

I spurned what others did enjoy
And loved my harder lot,
To find its fruits were often pain
Its pleasures soon forgot.

I've waited at the poet's shrine,
To hear divinely sung,
And found the songs to please my heart
Were for another tongue.

Ambition oft her curtain raised
And smiled yet 'twas in vain
It only left a deeper sting
And yet to smile again.

NO NOT FOR ME.

How often by this sacred fane
My sleepless dreams have laurels won
As bright as when the ocean waves
Their golden robes of morning don;
Yet lost again, they were to be
And not for me, no not for me!

From out affection's holy shrine
There flows a swifter, deeper stream,
Of love to bless each human heart
Far sweeter than ambition's dream,
That floats across life's carnal sea
But not for me, no not for me!

My harp sounds like the winds low moan
That breaks the charm of every lay,
Without the notes of joyous song

Here to a listening ear repay,
For it can't sing nor revel free
No not for me, no not for me!

When sorrow holds no longer sway,
A sweeter strain rings in my song
Some weary wayworn soul to cheer
Which here with pain has suffered long,
To help its lifeboat o'er the sea
But not for me, no not for me!

When love with anguish and despair
Awakes at dawn with early day,
From out the midnight's darker gloom
To wander in the new-born day,
'Twill sing with hope to make it free
But not for ne, no not for me!

HOPE MUST HIS HEART HAVE FED.

The light of genius in him burns
At war now with his fate,
As he indignant sadly turns
From those who spurn his state.

Has wealth and castle only worth?
With poverty of mind,
If fortune's idol is from birth
To truth and honor blind?

His wealth of genius far outweighs
The heraldry of show,
Tho' sorrow ever marks his ways
With misery and woe.

Some future age will yet decide
This empty, heartless shame,
And worth and genius glorified
Will wear a wreath of fame.

CELESTIAL FORMS.

Celestial forms here fill my room
Now to me unseen,
O, could my poor dim mortal eyes
But penetrate the scene.

How many faces long I've loved
Would to me then appear,
Instead of these cold silent walls
Which look so lone and drear.

For then my lips would cease to sigh
And tears no longer flow,
To see the ones I long to see
That now are here I know.

GOOD BYE.

Good bye my friends, for I'm away
For long I've waited here to find,
The truth as wand'ring day by day,
Until my eyes are nearly blind;
Yet through my blindness I can see •
The shore where I shall soon be free.

Good bye my friends, 'twas once so bright
When flatt'ry clinging to my arms,
I walked in rosy beams of light
And listened to her whispered charms
That well nigh changed to stone my heart.
Then say good bye, my friends, we part.

Now on the wings of light afloat
I hear the sweet Elysian voice
Yet will not in my gladness quote
The songs which make my soul rejoice,
Re-echoed back with joy to me,
To thrill my heart with ecstasy.

Oh! grimsome death where is thy sting?

A new bright gladsome life has woke,
The new sweet songs the angels sing

I dare not in my rapture quote,
Which rings through all eternity
Where all are love-bound there to me.

For pain and death don't reach so far,
No human foot-steps there have trod;

'Tis far beyond the evening star,
In worlds now sacred to my God,
And all along its sylvan lines
The morning star forever shines.

Good bye my friends, no sad good bye,
For go my way, I must alone;

Where you ere long the same as I
Will seek for thee a new hearth-stone,
In that bright world where all are free,
That was and is, and is to be.



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